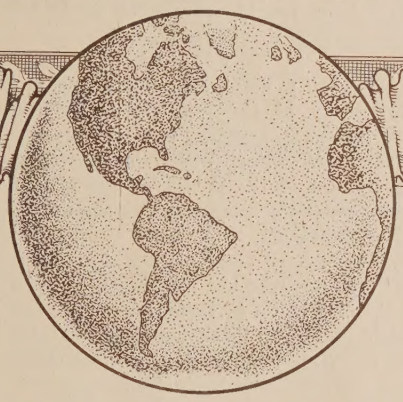
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago



February 18, 1922

High Thoughts

High Thoughts!
They visit us;
In moments when the soul is dim and darkened
They come to bless,
After the vanities to which we hearkened.
When weariness hath come upon the spirit
(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit),
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine,
A winged thought which bids us not repine?
In joy and gladness,
In mirth and sadness,
Come signs and tokens;
Life's angel brings
Upon its wings
Those bright communings
The soul doth keep—
Those thoughts of heaven so pure and deep.

Robert Nicoll.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Office Staff

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HAROLD MARSHALL, Manager

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DORCHESTER AVE. & 36TH ST., CHICAGO

Μιγμα

Billions for Defense, but not one cent for the men who fought and won the war while the stay-at-homes were making their huge profits or drawing their fat wage envelopes! (*Literary Digest.*)

v λ

We hear a great deal about the undesirability of the interference by the government in business, but how can any government whose policy is controlled by interest in the public welfare refrain from constant interference in business? (*New Republic.*)

v λ

Every one who has high ideals and the desire to live up to them, and to see the world live up to them. is confronted with the problem of compromise. . . . Roughly speaking, there are two attitudes one may assume. One may be an Absolutist, and say, right is right, and wrong is wrong. Or one may compromise, and say, such and such is ideal, but we live in a world that does not understand it and is not ready to practise it. . . . The institution we are working with is bad, at least imperfect, but are we so certain that if we wreck it, we shall get a better? For the present, I shall work with it. I shall do the best I can under the circumstances. (*A. J. Muste, in the World To-morrow.*)

v λ

If a strike does come in the American coal fields this spring it will come after a year of financial depression, during which tens of thousands of coal miners ordinarily only partially employed, have become largely unemployed. (*The Survey.*)

v λ

Disarmament is usually made to appear a drab thing—wise and prudent but not spectacular. It would not be so if Mr. Herbert Myrick, editor of *Farm and Home*, could have his way. He suggests that the United States should offer to take over the navies of the Allies at full cost "as payment toward the billions they owe the United States," accept on account the Allies' other war equipment at "junk prices," add all this to our own, and sail it in one grand armada to the Pacific, here to be sunk "ten miles deep with all flags flying." Madness, you say? Perhaps, yet sanity will always appear mad in a mad world and the healing of the nations will never come about until men's imagination can be captured by a dramatic faith in peace as it has repeatedly been captured by a tragic and preposterous faith in war. (*The Nation.*)

v λ

If we could fill the world with men like James Bryce we should be in the millennium. (*The Christian Work.*)

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All its resources are at the service of ou and its faith.

Its opportunities for service are far gre its resource.

It needs additional funds for missionar tions.

It needs endowed subscriptions for c public libraries.

It will receive annuity funds paying the donor for life.

THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. **The Universal Fatherhood of God.**
2. **The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, sus Christ.**
3. **The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.**
4. **The certainty of just retribution for sin.**
5. **The final harmony of all souls with God.**

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

To be afraid of change is to court death.

* *

If you would not undervalue money try to borrow ome.

* *

'Tis your duty to be happy, 'tis your privilege to e good.

* *

Place not temptation in another's way lest you e guilty of his crime.

* *

The things we remember make for friendship, but not less do the things we forget.

* *

How fervently does the devil pray that the Church may have its communion wine!

* *

If the great work halts consider whether it is not because you have not done your little part.

* *

To hear them talk it would seem that the boys on the fence know more about the game than the players on the diamond.

* *

Sustain well the silent missionary which makes no loud appeal, but comes into the quiet hour to reveal the message through reading.

* *

Be not impatient with those who lay the foundation in earth and stone, but make ready against the time when the temple is to rise.

* *

There are workers whom we never see, and seldom hear of, who are doing much to build up a great Church through which our message is to express itself.

* *

The versatile minister is ofttimes ineffective because he allows his people to scatter him over such a wide territory that he makes no lasting impression anywhere.

* *

Get Down Off the Fence

Get down off the fence and take a shovel in your hands and make the dirt fly! Most causes are crippled or halted by the fellows on the fence, who are waiting to see what the other fellows down in the ditch are doing or going to do! Of course from their point of vantage, as they call it, they can see what is wrong, but they are astigmatic on the side of the right! It is easier to kick dirt back into the ditch than it is to shovel it out. To attempt to do any large thing is to court the criticism of the small man. But when the criticism turns in the other direction and we ask the man on the fence why he has not done this or that, he replies at once: You do not know the conditions. When asked why, for instance, he is not building up his parish, he replies that the conditions are not yet right, or he has not the right equipment, or he needs time to carry out his plans. Here are those at the head of mighty church interests, that must turn financially on the loyal support of all of our people, and yet they can be nagged into inefficiency by doubts and criticisms. We want a lot more of the spirit of the Golden Rule in which every fellow will get down off the fence and do his bit.

Shall We or Shall We Not?

When the pastor of a popular church enters and takes a commanding place in the civic life of his community, really gets into the game so he has to be reckoned with, he is subjected to criticism and is told to mind his own business. He replies that it is his business to try to shape forces political and social, to make them serve humanity, which is true. But very soon this man is known not as a minister but as a politician, and his pulpit is his platform, and he counts as one, a big one it may be, in the affairs of his community. Another, not so popular, but of more abiding strength, keeps at work along the lines of, not the conventional, but the real, minister, and he marshals his forces for good and counts as a dozen, or perhaps hundreds. Who knows? Every minister must decide for himself, but with a long look ahead; the victory which cleans up the garbage cans is good, no one questions it; but even better is the campaign of righteousness, and co-operation and brotherly love which will keep clean the inside of the cup.

Give the Child a Chance

Too many of us think of child labor as a thing of the past. Laws for the protection of children are on the statute book, to be sure, but too often they are inoperative, and as a result nearly two million children throughout the country are laboring in factory, mine and farm under conditions that make impossible proper mental or physical development. If the observance of

Child Labor Day, Jan. 29, succeeded in making even some of us realize that not only our children and our friends' children, but all children should have their chance, it was indeed worth while. "It is infinitely better to prevent child labor and to compel and support the education of our children to-day than to look after untrained, inefficient and unhealthy citizens tomorrow." In Massachusetts, which may be taken as a representative industrial state and where there are some 40,000 child workers between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years, a bill has been presented to raise the compulsory school attendance age to sixteen years. Every child has a right to remain in school until he has received an education which will make him an efficient worker, and until a high school education has been made the minimum requirement in all our states, we have no right to lessen our fight against child labor.

* *

THE VALLEY OF DEATH

FOR many years the Volga valley has been the granary of Europe. With a normal rainfall of fourteen inches, there was only two and a half during the critical grain growing months of last year. Where a million tons of grain were needed for home consumption, less than a tenth of that amount was harvested. Result, twenty million people are starving, women and children dropping dead in village streets from hunger, and dead bodies gathered daily in city garbage carts.

This famine has nothing to do with the kind of government or lack of government in Russia, unless by the same process that led the Republican farmers of Kansas in the early nineties to attribute a drought to the Democratic Administration at Washington. It is one of those catastrophic visitations that Mother Nature sometimes inflicts upon her children. The results are beyond description and the appeal for help ought to touch us all. If you have no other means of reaching the relief agencies the *Leader* will receive and transmit your contributions.

* *

THE NEW JOSEPH COOK

MANY of a recent generation will remember how Joseph Cook in Boston, and later in other places, stood forth as the champion of traditional theology, and stirred the religious world, as with much genuine scholarship he defended the dogmas of Orthodoxy. He was a man of distinct ability, but along the lines of theology he seemed to be afflicted with arrested development. Recognizing change and growth in every other field as perfectly normal and desirable, he was blind to all progress in religion. Joseph Cook had his day and ceased to be. His great lectures, for they were great as lectures if not as to conclusions, are still to be found in libraries, but few of even the most Orthodox would think of reading them to-day as sources of inspiration.

A new Joseph Cook has come—like the former, a brilliant and convincing speaker, who can sway his hearers to enthusiastic applause, even for conclusions which shock the mind and hurt the heart. In the old days we remember how when Joseph Cook had with demoniac skill presented his proof that the great majority of mankind was destined for a hell of everlasting burning, the great audience in Tremont Temple, composed almost wholly of Christian ministers, burst into enthusiastic applause, and a layman present was heard to remark, "Good God, hear those Christian ministers cheering such a devilish conclusion!" They did not mean it; they were swept off their mental feet by the eloquence of the speaker. And so to-day crowds are being swept away from their reason and common sense by William J. Bryan, whose uncanny magnetism of speech suddenly thrust him to the front politically, when he carried a great political convention away by a telling phrase. And he has continued to dominate a big party by more phrases which he adapts to new conditions. But he does not seem to get there, any more than Joseph Cook did. And now, with a dwindling political interest, he applies his charm to the task of stemming the tide of religious progress and reviving a decayed traditionalism.

Lest it appear that these observations are the outgrowth of religious prejudice, we would call attention to the comments with which the secular papers are filled to-day, a fair sample of which appears in an Indiana daily, which says editorially:

> "Mr. Bryan has entered the lists as the champion of traditionalism. Reasserting the plenary inspiration of the scriptures, he is hurling his eloquence in phrases of ridicule and scorn against all modernists and liberals. The theory of evolution in particular excites his anger. In the South he has succeeded in stirring up the ultra Orthodox so that one heresy trial is in prospect, and threatening boards of education who have permitted the dangerous Darwinians to get into their schools through text books written from the evolutionary standpoint. If Mr. Bryan has his way we may yet see bonfires in the public squares, the fuel consisting of the offending books. Mr. Bryan, for whose sincerity and intense religious spirit we have the highest respect, is only one of the more conspicuous among those who are trying to turn back the clock in the domain of religious thought. These ardent defenders of the faith, in their excess of zeal, may very well do injury to that which they are most eager to defend. They may succeed in banishing evolutionary text books from some schools, and driving preachers who respect scholarship from some pulpits, but they can not prevent the youth of to-day from meeting the challenge of scholarly thought and scientific research."

The fact is Mr. Bryan is out of his depth. With the charm of his speech he is teaching a Sunday school class, numbering several thousand, and he is saying absolutely nothing new; the "lessons" are the same sermons which the humblest preacher in the city has spoken to his congregation, but Mr. Bryan has set them to the jazz music of a unique eloquence, and crowds of people are dancing!

The situation is serious when the religious world is halted, for Mr. Bryan is a sign of the times quite as much as was Joseph Cook. The reactionary periods come and go, and when they come there is something to be done other than combating the specific utterances of one or two intensive speakers. When the people are disrupted in their minds, there is need, immediate need, for the presentation of a faith which will stand the test of human experience and scholarship. The Liberal Church is challenged to show what it has of vital and enduring worth. If we have something better to sing than jazz music, the time has come to sing it.

Your "At Home"

IF you believed in signs, and happened, on Saturday, January 28, to be passing a gold-lettered one that stood on its own two legs in front of 176 Newbury Street, Boston—if you believed in signs, I say, and saw this one that read "Universalist Headquarters," you said, "Verily, here is one sign that hath come true!"

Universalist Headquarters—dreamed of, foretold, striven for, achieved! Last July under a hot summer sun it began to take material shape; January 28, 1922, on a snowy winter's afternoon it swung wide its door and said, "Welcome home!" Do not dream for one moment that it tried to say it with mats—welcome mats. Dear me, no! not in this exclusive street of the exclusive Back Bay. Wherefor the gold-lettered sign.

If you were in Indiana, suppose, on that day, and in spirit had come all the way by train, and—remembering the first time you came to Boston and visited the old place on West Street, and the second time when you found your way far uptown to 359 Boylston Street—had asked the way to Copley Square (recalling the Public Library and Trinity Church and the old Art Museum, "where they say the Copley Plaza now stands"), you would have wondered why they've gone so far away from the center of things! It is like that figure in the old contra dance where you pass superbly down the arched aisle of partners and find yourself at the head of the procession. Business is moving up our way, hard on our heels. New paths laid out on the Common and Public Garden pave the way as a direct highroad from down town. We're a wee bit ahead of the procession—that's all!

And if you're one of the dear delightful folks who make up the "*Leader* Family" and keep up a correspondence with any of the members of the working force who live within its walls, you've probably caught a glimpse of the inside workings of the days that will go down in our history as "the time we moved!" Letters threw out sparks of "volcanic upheaval," "carpenters still underfoot," "electricians will have the lights all in by Friday," "yes, the elevator will soon be in running order," "so many packing boxes around, goodness knows!" "when the reception room furniture comes," "and a gold-lettered sign out in front to show the people where!" And if you suffered vicariously and accepted letters and belated packages and a slim *Leader* with good grace and patience, we thank you one and all.

Twelve o'clock on Saturday, and account books and safes and files and typewriter desk lids were closed. Two hours or so later and the eddy of greeting and laughter and talk began to whirl. With a curious sense of detachment you would in an instant have seen it all: First, the people. There were thousands there—thousands and thousands. Every subscriber who received the invitation on the front page of the *Leader* was there. Every one who received the cordial little At Home card was there. Every one who generously helped by sending in money for the Headquarters Fund was there, to see how wisely we'd spent it. Every one who wished it were possible to give money but who could and did give good measure pressed down and running over of blessings-on-it was there. Many folks of other churches and no church were there, to tell us warmly of their good-will and in kindly fashion assure us that we have every right to be proud of ourselves. Remarkable that Everybody accepted and Everybody came! To be sure, a few hundred came in visible shape and the rest in spirit, but even at that the house was crowded with guests.

Then, the place. Interesting, the wrought iron work on the heavy front door. Five marble steps up in the warm little vestibule. Two French doors at the top with new brass handles. Racks for hats and umbrellas in this corner under the stairs. This is pleasant, isn't it—the globe of light on the newel post, first thing to greet you. Fortunate the house was all done in light wood, so when it was made over into this office building . . . yes, it would cost a small fortune to build like it to-day. The walls painted buff make it light and cheerful. Quite a lot of people here already, I should say.

Yes, in the reception room. Professor and Mrs. Peirce receiving. (The chairman of the directors, you know.) And with them Mr. Mason (the treasurer).

This is all the office part, all this open space, but first I want to look back at the reception room from here. I like the blue hangings at the windows, and the curtains behind the glass doors of the bookcases along that wall and the cushions on the window seat all to match, especially with the ivory-white woodwork and mahogany furniture. Lovely old stuff, isn't it? Later we can come back and look at the tiles in the fireplace. I overheard somebody say they're reproductions of antiques. That card on the mantel has a diagram, I see—Castle Acre Priory, Norfolk, England—Tile of Thomas—a Spanish one—Bayeux, Normandy . . . The andirons? Wrought-iron. They're the personal gift to the house from the architect, Mr. Harland Perkins, the man out there talking to Mr. Marshall this minute. Yes, he certainly has done a splendid piece of work on this place.

I heard him tell one of the young ladies that he thought the choice of mirror excellent. The one between the two front windows there. Genuine antique, as you can tell. Must be almost five feet high and two wide, wouldn't you say? The dull gilt frame is just the thing. No, the "Publishing House Family," I understand, presented it this morning, in appreciation for all Mr. Marshall has done for them to make this home possible. Reflecting his spirit—that's the idea.

Who? The picture over the old secretary in that niche? Dr. Miner, the leader of Universalism in Boston a generation ago and first president of the Publishing House.

By this time there would surely be a gracious interruption near at hand, from Mrs. Bicknell or Mrs. Conklin, serving punch and other good things at the long table before the fireplace in the central hall. (All these tiers and tiers of shallow drawers underneath are where the Sunday school cards and other supplies are kept. Handy!) In the center a great vase of exquisite pink roses trailing blurry long sprays

of asparagus fern over the white cloth. Above on the mantel a pink cyclamen reflecting its loveliness in the mirror.

This railed-off space is the office itself. Used to be the dining room. Had the whole partition torn out, to where the elevator shaft now is. Mr. Polk's desk is here—this one with the potted plant. The little verse will tell you what they think of him, too. Nearly two-score years of loyal service, yes, indeed. The switchboard over there. And those high desks, for bookkeeping and subscriptions. Convenient cabinets, those, built in underneath. This yellow Tennessee marble fireplace . . . very attractive.

Through this passageway to the new annex. Each side filled with supplies. Used to be the butler's pantry. Yes, *lots* o' room! Out here's the Editorial Suite. Five pigeonholes, but plenty large enough, and aren't they new and convenient—all opening into each other, but each person shut off by himself or herself! I like 'em! Huh! Cookie boxes in this first one. (Looks like the commissary department.) Did you see the aerial photograph in Mr. Marshall's office, showing Copley Square and the train yards and even the electric sign on top of the old building and the steeple of the New Old South, and then this corner—and the arrow pointing to the Universalist Headquarters?

Dr. Bisbee's office in here. Just as it was in the other building, remember? Still in Florida for the winter. How they do miss him and wish he were actually here to share this day! . . . All these offices are painted a soft gray-green different from the main house. Restful, too, don't you think?

Down these narrow stairs to the composing-room. This is what makes it a Christian establishment. Don't know that you ever went down into that other old hole at three fifty-nine. Well, see that monotype machine over by the window? Some difference working by daylight. This was one of the chiefest reasons for moving. These are the "stones" where the "forms" are "made up." And she corrects type right under this skylight. Different? Rather! This is where the kitchen range used to stand. You know all these homes around here have the kitchens in the basement. So they very easily vented these two casting machines into the chimney. . . . That? The melting-pot, where they melt the old type to be used again. . . . This? The air-compressor, you know, for the monotype.

This space in here's for stock. And these shelves and that closet. And back here this spang new heater. Beauty, isn't it? Right up to date. But this room in front—recognize the sectional bookcases from the old store around these walls? Yes, they left the gas range in and put up this cupboard for the dishes. And see the row of shiny pans. So when they have suppers, like a real family gathering . . .

On the way back the automatic elevator opens magically for a trip direct to the top (fourth) floor. Visitors can plainly see the "capacity 1000 pounds not more than 6 persons" posted on the side, but they do not suspect that it means to the office boy who runs it (for this day only) "four fat ones or five thin ones."

In every office the men who sit at the desks and spend their days (and nights and Sundays, and no union) in service for the denomination, and their beflowered young lady assistants, are in readiness to greet you and show you about a little.

This is the General Secretary's office. North light from those four high windows. Can't gossip with your neighbors without a step-ladder, can you? And these two private offices partitioned off. Envy any one this pleasant room? . . . Back here the General Superintendent's office. Compact but plenty of room. And the rugs do make it look so homelike. . . . Y. P. C. U. next to the elevator. Shut off like a private suite.

Down the stairs to the third floor. On our right, ladies and gentlemen—ladies, especially—is the Women's National Missionary Association room. Swell-front bay window like the second and first floors, you see. White fireplace. I like the soft gray wall finish and good lighting. And these closets built in for them are certainly tidy for the pamphlets and all that. Much roominess!

Here's a restful spot next it. They ripped out a linen closet and a bathroom and a wardrobe, and here you have it—a rest room for the girls. A rug and books and a couch with round soft cushions and the pretty curtains—all arranged around the central mirror, of course! Those wicker chairs look so comfortable . . . I know, I want to see all the rest, too.

Through this firescreen door marked General Sunday School Association to their two offices—one the *sanctum sanctorum*— where lights and flowers glow and blossom to-day. Those pretty ecru curtains are popular throughout the building. Through that long French door on to the fire escape and that wide window they have wonderful light here.

And down another flight, just beneath, is the Massachusetts State Superintendent's office. A flat top double desk lengthwise between the door and window just invites a brother minister to sit down and consult and advise and plan. Fireplace in here, too, and some more antique andirons.

This very large front room is now for the ministers—Ballou Hall. For other meetings at other times, too. Dark red woodwork and fireplace in here . . . The picture? It almost covers the east wall, hung against a very dark green velvet curtain. Come over here where the lighting is better. "Christ and the Doctors"—copied from the original Hofmann in the Dresden Gallery. The man who decorated this new headquarters did that too, some years ago, from the original, as I said . . . We'll come back to it later, it's well worth it. No, just hung here for the time being. He's a Dane, Alfred Emil, the artist.

Those three young ladies play beautifully, don't they? The cellist is very versatile, can play several instruments . . . Who? Oh, playing the piano! Professor John Orth. Oh, *my* yes! Let's go in again and listen to him. He appreciates it when we're all very quiet. . . . A real treat! . . . He's been very generous, playing so long for us, hasn't he?

And by now the punch glasses, filled again, are waiting below, across from the foot of the fine old stairway. More people coming. More people going. The young ladies in the place acting as guides and piloting guests to and from the serving table. Daf-

fodils like streaks of sunshine through the rooms, upstairs and down in the basement. These macaroons from Friend Brothers? Then I'm even more partial to them . . . yes, thank you!

And later: It's been delightful, all of it. And it's all our own. You know, I felt, going about, just like a hostess myself, as if I lived in it.

It was the lady in the purple velvet hat who expressed a thought probably in the mind of every one present: "I'd no idea it was such a *beautiful home.*"

. . . . . .

"The lights are out and gone are all the guests."

And the new-old home, left alone, thinks quietly about the party and talks it all over to itself:

"I'm glad they liked me. I felt quite gay and hospitable myself, with a daffodil in my buttonhole. But with becoming dignity, too, I hope.

"Seriously, I'm going to see a good many days, of dreams and achievements, reflected in that mirror. This is only Commencement Day. Or like a ship launching. . . .

"They talked about 'our dreams come true' now I'm accomplished . . . Why, it's not an end—only a beginning!"

The Heretic's Christ

A Crusader's Reminiscence

I dreamed and prayed.
(Alas, those dreams and prayers of youth!)
I dreamed and prayed your Christ to see,
As in the Revelator's dream,
White-clad, gold-girdled, many-crowned,
Leading the van of white-horsed squadrons,
Conquering and to conquer.

I met my Christ.
(Alas, the shock of sordid, common things!)
I met my Christ. Adown a shell-swept street
He fought, with hopeless few, a rearguard fight;
His garments tattered; empty bandoleers
About his waist; a bloody rag his crown;
In his scorched hands, with broken bayonet,
A musket, heat-jammed, useless.

I made my choice.
(Nay, went to mine own place!)
The hungry march, the icy bivouac,
The blazing crater of the lost assault,
The night retreat—black darkness, save his face.
And once, mid pelt of driving hail,
Knee-deep in sleet, he turned and said:
"And where I am, there shall my servant be"—
Just that; no word or promise more.

I wait content.
(Broken and blind and pensionless, forgot!)
I know not where he is, nor hear nor see
Nor trumpet's bray nor blazoned battle-flags.
I can not guess where far he leads the fight,
Nor be it victory or blank defeat,
Nor when nor how again he comes.

This thing I know.
(Full wisdom and full joy!)
He gave his word, his plighted, spoken word,
That, soon or late, I stand with him or sit,
Be scaffold or be throne.

W. P. F. F.

Editorial Correspondence

AT last I am rich! I always wanted to be, and expected it, but not so soon. It is a worthy ambition, or would be if we only knew what riches are, but we early learn that riches are a movable feast. The baby in the cradle with a cotton string which he is gradually absorbing is richer far than the baby in another cradle without a string. As a small boy I can recall what a bloated scion of wealth I was when I had a dime, and the world was mine, but now the dime will only pay the jitney fare to get me somewhere, where I am poor because I have nothing to spend, and must beg or borrow my fare home, or walk. The man who is very rich can get a small room in a big hotel; the man who is not so rich can rent or buy a small bungalow and have ten times the comfort of the other, and if he is poor he can pitch his tent beneath the pines, and know the freedom of the sons of God. The rich man may be the slave of his chauffeur; the poor man may be the master of his world. Verily, we know not anything! Some would have riches that they may have leisure, overlooking the fact that nothing can be more illogical for them than to sacrifice leisure in the pursuit of riches! The rich man can have a thousand beautifully bound books in his library, the poor man may have one book in his head. Which one is rich and which one is poor? The deaf man may enrich his house with a splendid music room, and the blind man excite the envy of his neighbors with his art gallery, but the one who enjoys may be the tramp who listens outside the music room, or peeks through the window at the treasures of art! If we are to judge by the returns in pure joy, then it is not improbable that there is more joy in the heart of the youngster who hauls the little sand perch over the rail of the bridge, than in the stomach of the plutocrat who, rocking in a power boat out on the edge of the Gulf Stream, loses his appetite—and some other things—while the boatman pulls in a forty pound king-fish.

Everything is comparative, or, as the new philosophy puts it, relative! It is the point of view. The kid watching his float over the bridge rail with intensity of concentration would have to pay a big income tax if joy could be appraised at its real worth! Now all people who are rich in material things are not missing it; they accept each added dollar as a new responsibility and learn the supreme joy of serving with larger means. But, after all, the soul of the whole matter is appreciation of what we have, and contentment in having it. Just remembering th relatively there is more fun in catching a sand perch than in having some one else catch for us the athletic and acrobatic kingfish!

I have always been poor, and the chances are that I shall always remain in that delectable state, where I can serve the world best by giving others who are burdened with wealth a chance to serve. But I confess at time to ambitions; having caught a great many sand perch, there has come a yearning in my soul to gather in the festive kingfish. My ambition does not yet soar to the giddy and greedy sailfish; that is, I seek only moderate riches so as to enjoy a few of the material luxuries, and eat the fat of the land, which means, just now, some red, ripe strawberries and such like! But my hunger for riches has taken a more senseless form. Many years ago, in the city of Philadelphia, I had a friend who was a partner in the largest jewelry store on Chestnut Street. I used to go in there as often as I could. I was not much of a customer, though once I did get a watch key, in the good old days when watches required keys, and it occurs to me now, after all these years, that we became so interested in our talk that I forgot to pay for it! But there were no hard feelings, and on one occasion, when there were few people about, my friend took from the safe a whole big handful of unset gems, and I held them in my hands and let them run through my fingers. Think of it, thousands of dollars of sparkling and colorful beauty. Never had I seen anything so bewilderingly attractive. And I wanted them, not for their money value, for I knew not what it was, but for their intrinsic beauty. As I looked at them, a liquid kaleidoscope, pulsing in the light, it was like opening a door into the Arabian Nights, and for a little time I was looking, not at the unset stones, but into fairyland, the fairyland of childhood where the unreal became real. And then and there I determined that when I became rich I was going to be possessed of all the unset gems I wanted. It was a safe enough proposition, for the chances of my becoming sufficiently rich were so remote as to locate them among the other futile dreams of childhood.

But here this morning I awoke to learn that the day and the hour had come and I was rich, and in possession of these wonder-gems in all their abundance. A heavy dew had fallen in the night, and as I took my seat on the front porch the morning sun came creeping through the tops of the pines and fell splashing all over the bedewed grass blades, and instantly turned each drop of water into a jewel of perfect purity. And there, after the years of dreaming, if not hoping, that somewhere in the world I should find again those treasures of living gems, behold, they were scattered all over my front lawn! At first it was a glowing, throbbing iridescent mass of color mixed in light, and then the different stones began to separate, and I could pick out whole handfuls of diamonds, but, curiously enough, because they were so many, I began to overlook the diamonds, and linger with the topaz, the emerald, the ruby, the pearl, and the amethyst. They were all mine, and I am rich because the longing of my heart is satisfied. What matter if the fingers of the sun rays soon reached down and gathered them up and carried them away! I have had my jewels, an l shall have them yet again and again, and none can take them from me, and I shall pay no taxes thereon. We are all rich if we but open our eyes to the glory that is round about us. And the beauty of these riches is that they have made and will make no one else poor, and no one unhappy.

F. A. B.

The Papers of John Pererin

XXI On Redeeming Goodness from Dulness

IT was not rigid uniformity of conduct alone that discredited the Pharisee doctrine of goodness. Even more was it evil and fruitless on account of its negative character. On the whole it was an affair of not doing things. They had developed a spurious conception of holiness which consisted chiefly in the preservation of a formal cleanliness. They were great authorities upon what was clean and what was unclean. They had everything sorted out and catalogued, and their meat and drink was to live according to the book. This consisted chiefly in not eating this thing, or not touching that fellow, or keeping away from that place, or abstaining from saying certain words. Now it would be only silly to suggest that our conception of conduct moves on this plane of triviality; nevertheless it is simple truth to say that it is far too much in common practise an affair of prohibitions and abstentions. We have to rid ourselves of the spurious idea that holiness consists mainly in keeping ourselves unspotted from the world. That is indeed necessary; but all the same it looms too large in our conception of character and duty. And perhaps we are concerned so much about it because the positive and constructive aspects of Christian conduct are so little prominent in our minds. If they were, and we saw that goodness consists first of all in a program of positive action, we should not worry or need to worry so much about avoiding spots and stains.

We have then to ask ourselves what is the positive action which is called for by the Christian character. And the answer is easy. The consistent emphasis of the New Testament is upon those graces and acts which make for human unity. A fair reading of the New Testament should convince you that it means one thing and one thing only—bringing man to God and his fellow man in the bonds of a free self-giving, self-governing love. The key-word of the New Testament is this word *love;* and we miss much of the point of the book and its message because the word *love* has been debased by shallow and flippant use. It is only as we conceive of it in the terms of Professor Rauschenbusch's definition that we shall restore our own sense of its true meaning. It is "no flickering or wayward emotion but the energy of a steadfast will bent upon creating fellowship." The good man in the Christian scheme is no austere recluse, bent upon achieving a private and cloistered virtue, no isolated saint who withdraws from the warm but tangled life of his brethren, but the man who lives among his fellow men as a binder of hearts, a roadmaker, a builder of bridges by which souls may find one another, who, amid the

teeming life of men, lives as a focus of unity, a spring of healing, overcoming in himself and in other men the tempers and attitudes that estrange and divide, and gathering men into the harmony and peace of a holy family. This is not merely a part of Christian duty, one thing among others that we have to do. It is the *whole* of Christian duty. It is the one thing that we have to do, and we have to be doing it all the time, finding in business and in all the ways of life means and opportunities of doing it. It is the law and the prophets and the gospel as well.

God knows that there is need of this kind of living to-day. There never was a time when men had so great a chance of becoming great adventurous Christians as there is here and now. Think of all the bad blood, the rancor, the ill-will, the resentments, the bitterness, the enmity, the pugnacity, there is in the world to-day, not in that festering sore which we call Europe only, but here at our very doors. We are engulfed in industrial unrest which is charged with a sullen, stubborn, acrimony and which is being met chiefly by bitter and stormy condemnation. All this is a challenge to Christian souls to take up the business that belongs to them of healing this torn community and proclaiming over against the mad and fruitless doctrine of fighting it out the Gospel of Reconciliation, to proclaim it to the Garys and the Gomperses and all the rest of the people who are leading us through a driving mist of hard names and half-truths to what threatens to be a dance of death. Here is the task and here is the challenge—are we big enough for the job? I venture to think that if we set about this task in earnest we should astonish the world, and men would begin to say once more that the Christians were turning the world upside down.

There are two words that should be added. The first is that the first thing that needs to be quickened in us is a sympathetic imagination. The late John Fiske says in one of his books that half the cruelty in the world is due to a stupid incapacity to put ourselves in other people's places. Much of the bitterness that is casting its shadow over life to-day is due to the lack of this simple thing. There is consequently no kind of resourcefulness in our handling of the problems that vex us. We are clumsy and heavy-handed and awkward where we need all the delicacy of perception and the sensitiveness of touch in the world; and we are bungling away to disaster. An Indian prince on his first visit to England was dining at the home of a certain nobleman. At the appointed time fingerbowls were laid upon the table; but the visitor, unfamiliar with the custom, raised his fingerbowl to his lips and drank from it, to the great dismay of the brilliant company. But the host, seeing the position, gravely lifted his own fingerbowl and drank the water. That, you will say, was perfect courtesy. It was; but it was so because it was accompanied with this quality of imagination which not only gives understanding but also provides the just word and the fitting healing act at the needed time. And without it, how are we to thread a way through the desperate tangle of this present time?

The other word is this. We can not act in a full and fruitful way until we are free from every motive, every bias, but that of seeking and doing the will of Christ. We have our partialities and prejudices, our dogmas and desires. But we must hold these subject to our loyalty to that same will of Christ. Partisanship for a view and for a class, which it is not easy to avoid, must give way to the plain leading of the spirit of Christ. Do you know the story of Lenthall, Speaker of the British House of Commons in the time of Charles I? The King came to the House one day to arrest five of its members. When he asked Lenthall if those members were present, the Speaker answered: "Your Majesty will pardon me that this is the only answer that I can return to your Majesty. I am Speaker of this House; and I have neither eyes to see nor ears to hear save as this House shall direct me." Professor Royce cites that story as the perfect example of loyalty. And if we could take on our lips and translate into our lives this resolve to have eyes to see and ears to hear only as Christ shall direct us, we should make men to see once more the glory and the wonder of the life to which they no less than we have been called; and goodness would become not only interesting, but exciting.

Bring us, we beseech Thee, out of the half-lights of a conventional goodness; save us from contentment in a mere average; forbid us from acquiescence in a way of "living at a poor dying rate." Enable us, in Thy patience, to open wide the gateway of our spirits that the love of Christ may invade our lives and constrain us to venture out into the unredeemed regions of life with the quickening creating grace that alone can deliver them from waste and death, and that may under the dew of Thy blessing make the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Amen.

Like a Great Universalist General Convention

John van Schaick, Jr.

WITH our conceptions of the Divine Fatherhood and the Brotherhood of Man, with our noble word "Universalist" to inspire us, who among us has not seen, far off, sometimes, a Universalist General Convention up to which have come representatives of all the races and nations on earth?

The Convention invisible has been just that. The real Convention, small at times and unrecognized, has cherished that ideal.

The final sessions of the Conference upon the Limitation of Armaments have had the dignity and something of the spirit of that Universalist Convention still to be realized.

It is not a far-fetched comparison. All our Church work tends to world union. All world union exemplifies our spirit.

In the great hall of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the treaties have been signed. "Done at the City of Washington the sixth day of February, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two."

"The welfare of mankind," "world peace," "the common good," "the highest national interests," "honor," "good faith," "co-operation," "world ser-

vice," to such phrases I have been listening for hours, as they fell from the lips of Europeans and Americans, from men of the yellow race and the white. Is it any wonder that I could think myself in a gathering of the "League of Red Cross Societies of the World," the "League of Nations" or a "Universalist General Convention?"

That which remains to be done is more than that which has been accomplished. The debate in the Senate upon the refunding of foreign debts has sounded rather grasping, while at the same time the speeches of our delegates at the Conference have sounded generous. The refusal of the Senate to give the President any latitude in the debt matter gives France an excuse to say, "You compel us to collect by force from Germany." A Genoa Conference could be made even more important than this Washington Conference has been.

The failures of the Washington Conference likewise show us that we have much to do. We did not succeed in the limitation of submarines for example, and nobody knows yet how important or unimportant this failure may prove to be.

And yet I personally share in the joy which shone in the strong but tired face of Mr. Hughes, and which vibrated in every word of Mr. Harding's final speech. Mr. Harding tried to be self-contained and reserved, but he let himself go in voice, in manner and in thought in his final word: "There is a note of rejoicing which is not alone ours or yours, or of all of us, but comes from the hearts of men of all the world."

The final session helped salve some of the wounds. I happen to know how very sore and sad and even bitter the French delegates, M. Sarraut and Ambassador Jusserand, felt when they entered the last session. M. Sarraut had said in his speech Saturday: "I am deeply, sincerely convinced that each of us will be able to return to his country with his heart full of confidence, with his head erect and with an easy mind to face the great conclave of public opinion in his country which is to judge our common work." At the same time the press despatches from Paris indicate serious criticism in France of the work of these delegates. There has been widespread criticism of France throughout the United States and in other countries.

It has been hard to have excessive adulation turned to excessive criticism. Moreover, throughout these last sessions whenever Balfour has been seen entering the Conference, there has been enthusiastic applause in the galleries. The other delegates, except Mr. Hughes, have entered unobserved.

To sign the treaties last Monday, it was necessary for the delegates to rise from their places and move in single file around the long tables to the center of the hollow square of tables, where the actual signing was done. As the American delegates came down the room, Hughes, Lodge, Underwood and Root, there was of course great applause. As the British delegation started in a long line, led by Balfour, there was likewise hearty applause. It seemed to me then that Sarraut rose as if dreading an ordeal, walked with great deliberation almost as if defiant, but the delegates and galleries alike put forth united efforts to give France a glad hand, and both M. Sarraut and M. Jusserand looked happier than they had in weeks.

If our relations with France do not seem as happy as when the Conference opened, they are in fact upon a better basis. France knows what we think of militarism and of whatever resembles it, and also what we think of the stupid policy of trying to break Germany up. We must see to it that, with the restraining hand, she feels the touch of the friendly, helpful hand.

"Balance your budgets," says Herbert Hoover to the nations of Europe, "honestly lay all the taxes you can stand, stop your printing presses (paper money), and put German reparations on a sound basis."

And what we must continually say to ourselves is: "Go easy on this foreign debt business, for the money went into a common project."

With England our relations have been improved. Only a few months ago, American writers and English writers were certain that England would never give up her position of superiority upon the seas, and that for self-preservation she could not give it up. This meant a back-breaking, heart-breaking building program, dangerous competition with the United States and irritating comparison about what would happen if the two fleets should meet.

Now that element of competition has been eliminated and, what is more important, all the talk which goes along with it. Ratios have been decided, limits have been fixed, and a long naval holiday arranged. Without demur England gives up primacy for the common good and for her own good.

While the Conference was in session the Irish treaty was ratified, a real cause of division was removed and the backbone of anti-British propaganda in this country was broken.

But so far as American public sentiment is concerned the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese treaty has been the most important single thing to bring Britain and America together. It was unimportant in itself, like most causes of division, but unfortunately it was believed to be important.

Not the least powerful factor in creating the new and better understanding has been the personnel of the British delegation at this Conference. The tall form, the benignant presence, the snow white hair, and the beautiful simple eloquence of Arthur Balfour have counted for much in public and probably for much more in private. Admiral Beatty, Lord Lee and Sir Auckland Geddes have made equally favorable impressions. These British delegates have been both able and co-operative. They wanted misunderstanding removed. They worked for it. They sacrificed for it. In very large measure, they accomplished it. It is said that Mr. Balfour regards this Conference as the crowning work of his life. The presence of delegates from British dominions, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, representing a different view point at times from that of the Prime Minister, has borne testimony to a bigness in the attitude of England which has had its effect. Srinivasa Sastri of India has been maintained here by a government whose mistakes he has pointed out in powerful and eloquent addresses.

The new understanding with Japan, we have suggested previously. The Four Power treaty, by which we agree to talk it over, the Five Power treaty, by which we stop building fleets aimed at one another and stop fortifying islands ever closer and closer to one another, the Nine Power treaty by which Japan subscribes to a Magna Charta of Chinese rights, added to all the formal declarations by Japan about Siberia, Manchuria, and other parts of China, and her giving up of the worst of the twenty-one demands—these are the things which have had a powerful influence on American public sentiment. It looks as if we would stop thinking war with Japan, and if we do we will give the liberal party of Japan a chance to grow and dominate and make war impossible.

The Japanese and Chinese delegates sat down to dinner together Saturday night in celebration of the signing of the important treaty concerning Shantung, with the Japanese acting as hosts and with Hughes and Balfour the guests of honor.

Needless to say, the Chinese are grateful as always to us. With Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Portugal, we have made the ties always created by doing good works together.

The substance of the whole matter can be stated in three or four sentences:

Mr. Hughes said: "This Conference has succeeded because it had a definite limited objective and was permeated by a co-operative spirit." To that should be added that it succeeded because it had back of it the common sense, the iron will, the driving energy of the great American Secretary of State.

It has been demonstrated again:

1. "That," as Mr. Hughes put it in his final word, "whatever the governments of the world want, the peoples of the world want justice, peace and good-will."

2. That the world can be organized for these great objectives.

3. That the Universalist spirit once released in church or state goes far and does much.

4. That the creation of that spirit is the most important thing in all the world.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 9, 1922.

English Correspondence

THAT the English are a steady-going and persistent people, as contrasted with the more mercurial Kelts and Latins, is commonly taken for granted. That belief will scarcely survive an unbiased study of contemporary politics. Look at the Welsh. Generations ago they made up their minds to have Disestablishment, and, though that demand was exceedingly inconvenient at times to the party to which most of them were attached, they did not rest until it was granted. Then, there are the Irish. It would be hard to find any English political group that has shown such tenacity in all weathers. Having set before themselves Home Rule as their goal, they flinched from no effort or sacrifice to obtain it. It was a matter of supreme indifference to them what happened to British parties or British administrations. "This one thing I do" might have been their motto. At last their persistence has been rewarded. A few days ago Dublin Castle was handed over to Sinn Fein. There has been nothing like it since the fall of the Bastille, which was not a more bitterly hated symbol of an unpopular *regime*. The collapse of the system that has so long been entrenched in that citadel of reaction is so dramatic that one is not surprised to see "Patrick in Wonderland" as a head-line in a weekly paper.

Take, again, the volatile French, as we are wont to call them. The root of the Anglo-French difficulty to-day is that France still holds the creed of November, 1918, whereas England has largely recanted. At the Armistice, "Make Germany pay" was as popular a slogan on this side of the Channel as on the other. In the interval British opinion has shifted around to the position of J. M. Keynes, and now realizes that neither can Germany afford to pay nor the Allies afford to receive payment. France, however, continues to regard the Versailles Treaty as a sort of faith that was once for all delivered to the saints, and will not surrender a jot or tittle of it to the English heretics. The French nation, with its dislike of capriciousness in public affairs, finds it hard to get along with people who change their minds as the English do. Hence the present strained relations, which confirm the judgment of those who predicted, at the beginning of the war, that within five years after the end of it there would be more bad blood between England and her war-time Allies than between England and Germany.

We have some reason to doubt whether, after all, the statesmen of Europe will do much more gallivanting about among the Continental spas and casinos. There is an element in the British Cabinet which objects to these frequent foreign tours of its head, partly on the ground that this kind of *rundreise* is undignified, and partly because the interests of the Administration suffer in his absence. We have had an example in the general-election hubbub that arose while he was away at Cannes. The American practise of holding Presidential elections on schedule time has certain obvious disadvantages. An election may happen to be required by the calendar when there is no vital issue to be decided, and, on the other hand, when such an issue does arise, the country may have no chance of registering its verdict. Bagehot, too, called attention to the difficulty of keeping up a sustained interest in public questions when nothing that any one may write or say or do can turn out the Government before the end of its prescribed term. The British system, however, has drawbacks of its own. It is for the Prime Minister to choose the moment for the dissolution of Parliament, and his choice is wont to be dictated by party tactics, as was Lord Salisbury's in 1900 and Mr. Lloyd George's in 1918.

It was for tactical reasons that it looked as though February would be a convenient time for the next contest. Mr. Lloyd George would be able to go to the country with the prestige of a peaceful settlement of the age-long Irish problem, a creditable record at the Washington Conference, and, it was hoped, an arrangement at Cannes which would have smoothed

out most international tangles and set Europe upon its legs again. It is not so certain that the forecast of successful appeal on these grounds would have been justified by the event. Short as the public memory is, no one has forgotten how much the policy of the Prime Minister and his colleagues contributed toward bringing Irish affairs to the desperate pass in which they were a few months ago. It is a tempered gratitude that one feels to him for the final settlement—the sort of gratitude one would feel to a fire brigade for saving a house from being burnt to the ground when one knew that the same persons had been pouring oil on the flames. Moreover, while Mr. Lloyd George and his assistant spell-binders might make Ireland, Washington and Cannes the staple of their campaign speeches, what the average voter would be thinking about all the time would be none of these things but unemployment. And it is the voter, after all, that dictates the issue.

Anyhow, the Cannes fiasco has knocked this scheme on the head. The date of the election is now indefinitely postponed, but not before the discussion of it had revealed a serious cleavage in the Coalition ranks. The Tory supporters of the Government—it would be absurd to continue calling them Unionists now that there is no longer any Irish question—have long been restive at finding themselves under the control of a man with Mr. Lloyd George's record. They have been keenly watching for the moment when his popularity might seem to be on the wane, in order that they might safely shed him without suffering therefor at the polls. Or, if that could not be done, they would like to retain the vote-getting fascination of his name by keeping him as the avowedly Tory leader of an avowedly Tory party, getting rid meanwhile of the rather motley group of Lloyd Georgian Liberals who exercise in his Cabinet an influence much greater than the weight they carry in the country. The Prime Minister, however, is in no mood to capitulate in this fashion, and we may count with certainty upon his attempting to conserve the Coalition by forming a permanent Center party that will give him an even greater personal authority than he has hitherto enjoyed.

Though we have nothing corresponding exactly to the National Educational Association of the United States, there is held in London every January an Education Conference which serves very much the same purposes as the annual convention of the N. E. A. There are meetings of every imaginable variety of teachers' organization, as well as of the different specialist societies concerned with history, modern languages, art, etc., etc. The Conference thus becomes a valuable clearing-house of ideas on all matters that have to do, even indirectly, with education. This year, in the discussions of school methods, great prominence was given to the "Dalton plan." The first news of this experiment was brought over in the summer of 1920 by Miss Parkhurst, and her exposition of it attracted immediate attention. A few enterprising head mistresses tried it at once in their own schools, in spite of the revolution it involved in the traditional routi Their account of its working is, on the whole, quite encouraging, and it seems likely that the new method will soon be in operation in many schools of different types.

Another notable feature of this month's meetings has been the increasing importance attached to music as a normal item in the curriculum. Not many years ago learning music meant simply learning to play on the piano. The subject was taught to most girls in secondary schools—as the ability to execute "pieces" was considered a pre-eminently ladylike accomplishment—and to such boys as had shown some exceptional interest in it. Of late years there has developed a more intelligent understanding of the part that the cultivation of musical taste should play in a liberal education, with the result that "musical appreciation" classes have come into vogue, not for selected pupils only but for the whole school. This month the possible educational uses of the gramophone have been especially emphasized. On the other side, there is reported a falling off in sight-singing in the elementary schools, where twenty years ago it was generally taught with much success. The effect is seen in the decreased efficiency of local choral societies. Music which formerly could be sung virtually at sight now requires long and frequent rehearsals. The decay is attributed mainly to the abolition of the old pupil-teacher system. Candidates for posts in elementary schools receive part of their own education nowadays in secondary schools, which ignore Tonic Sol-fa—the method which trained the sight-readers of a previous generation—as plebeian.

Just now, however, the burning question is not so much what shall be taught or how, as whether any really efficient education will be possible at all if the fanatics for national economy have their way. There is genuine and well-founded alarm among all decent people at the prospect of extensive cuts in the national appropriations for education. The teachers are naturally up in arms at the threat of a reduction in their salaries, which have never been too generous. It has been suggested that it may be feasible to keep their remuneration at the present level by employing a smaller number of them and by retrenching on equipment. Such proposals are no less unwelcome, for fewer teachers must mean larger classes, with the greater strain and difficulty of working thereby involved, while a less expensive equipment is only a euphemism for poorer tools. The long and short of it is, as J. L. Garvin puts it, that "what the cheeseparers ask is that the nation shall walk in darkness to save the price of candles." That a retrenchment program of this kind should be deliberately proposed by a committee of influential business men like Sir Eric Geddes and Lord Inchcape—education, said Sir Henry Newbolt the other day, is in danger of foundering on the Inchcape Rock—is especially discouraging when one remembers the new enthusiasm for educational reform and extension that was so loudly expressed just before the end of the war. The probable explanation is that some of the most prominent enthusiasts of that period had no real interest in the things of the mind, but thought of education merely as a means of meeting German commercial competition. With Germany safely disposed of, the scare inspired by her schools has passed, and it is thought that the only popular education now needed is such as will supply a sufficient army of willing employees not given to thinking too much or to cherishing aspirations for rising beyond a subordinate status.

This week there has been an unprecedented pilgrimage to the National Gallery. As many as 8,000 people are reported to have visited it on a free day, and as much as 80 pounds has been taken in sixpences on a paying day. The road in front of the Gallery in Trafalgar Square has presented the unusual appearance of being constantly lined with automobiles. You would be able to discover the cause of the excitement if you entered the building and kept your eyes on the ground, for a channel has been worn in the wood-work floors to the room where hangs Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." Other and more beautiful pictures in the same collection have never aroused so keen a popular interest. The difference is that this one has recently changed hands at 160,000 pounds.

"Perhaps after all," remarks the *Manchester Guardian*, "there is something in selling our masterpieces to America. At any rate it makes the British public look at them."

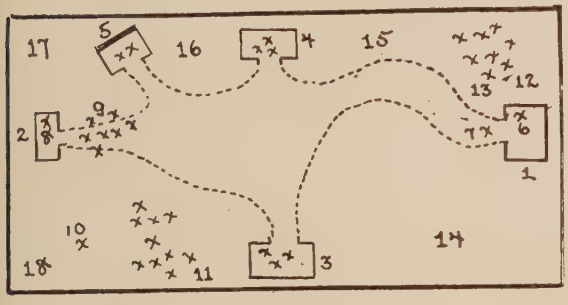
The death of Dr. John Brown, the author of the standard biography of John Bunyan, is a reminder that a work of high literary quality may still have a persistent popular appeal. Perhaps the latest tribute to the place of the Pilgrim's Progress in English literature was paid it in the recent Board of Education report on the Teaching of English. When he went to the Bunyan Meeting at Bedford, Dr. Brown was its sixth pastor since Bunyan's death in 1688, and his ow n pastorate lasted nearly forty years.

London, January 20.

The Sand Table

Mrs. Frank Austin Alden

THE BOY WHO KEPT SHEEP



1. Palace.
2. Jesse's home.
3-5. Other houses.
6. King Saul.
7. Samuel.
8. Jesse.
9. Jesse's sons (seven of them).
10. David.
11-12. Sheep (two separate flocks).
13. Dog (as sheep dog with one flock).
14-18. Grass, flowers, trees, etc.

Place other dolls in houses 3-5.

WHO remembers our lesson about Samuel? How many of you can tell us about Samuel? Yes, Samuel went to live with Eli, the priest, to learn how to serve God. And to-day we are going to study of a time when Samuel had grown up. He had kept right on always trying to do what he knew was right, and also to keep cheerful. He had worked hard. And now he was the priest and everybody thought a great deal of him. Here is Samuel now. (Point to 7.)

And here is another man who comes into our lesson. He is Saul (point to 6), the King of Israel. A long time before our lesson of to-day, the people had wanted a king. And finally God had told Samuel that He was willing they should try having a king. And so Samuel had followed God's guidance and had anointed Saul to be king. Now Saul was a great big man. He was taller than most all the other men. He was strong and he looked like a king, folks said. But when he became king, he felt very proud. And he forgot that God had allowed him to become king and that Samuel had anointed him as king. And, do you know, it is not nice at all to be proud, or to forget that God gives us the chance to have all the things we like, or that our friends and our fathers and mothers have helped us get these things. And when our fathers and mothers want us to do something, we should do it right away, remembering what they have done for us. We should not whine and say, "I don't want to," because that sounds as if we thought we could get along without our fathers and mothers. And we could not at all. Well, that is what it means to be proud—to act as if we could get along without our friends. And it is just the same with God. That is why we should pray every day—and tell God how thankful we are for all He is doing for us, and that we know we could not get along without Him. But you see Saul, when he had been king, forgot about God and about his friend, Samuel, the priest, who had helped him to be king. He was proud.

And King Saul, like all proud folks, got to be disagreeable and cross. And this grieved Samuel very much. It always makes our friends sad and sorry when we are proud, because then we get cross, and it makes it hard for them to get along with us. And Samuel was worried because he knew that nobody could be a good king if he was proud like that. But then God told Samuel not to worry over Saul, because He (God) had been watching Saul and knew that he was a proud man, and He (God) wasn't going to let Saul be king much longer. Now, do you see how things work when we are proud and think we can get along without God and without our friends? First, our friends get sad, and then they make up their minds that they will have to get along without us. And then God can't work with us any longer, for He has to get things—loving things—done in the world. And then He says, "If this boy (or girl) wants to be proud, let them go their way, but I'll have to get somebody else to do my work." Well, that is what happened to Saul, because he was proud. And God tells Samuel where to go to find another man who shall be king in Saul's place. Now Samuel is going as God tells him. (Move Samuel away from Saul's house and toward 8.) And then Samuel is afraid that Saul will be angry. He asks God what to do. And God suggests

that he take a lamb with him, and tell Saul he is going to make an offering to God at Bethlehem. So he does this. (Move Samuel back to Saul's house, as if to tell Saul—then move him to the field where sheep, 12, are and have him take a lamb with him to 8.)

As Samuel comes near, the people see him coming, and they are afraid his coming means trouble, because they know that Samuel and King Saul do not get along very well. (Move dolls from other houses to 8.) And they ask him why he comes. And he says he comes to make a sacrifice to God here. And they are glad to know there is no trouble. They watch for what Samuel is going to do.

And, now Samuel, doing what God has told him, looks at Jesse and his sons. There are seven of them here with their father. (Point to Jesse and then to his sons.) Samuel knows that some one from this family is to succeed Saul as king. He is wondering which one. So he goes from one boy to another looking carefully at each. (Move Samuel, as thus told.) Samuel sees a fine lot of boys. But it seems to him as he looks at each that God says: "No. This is not the one." And he has now looked at each boy and it has been the same in each case. Samuel thinks he has made a mistake somehow and got to the wrong home. He starts as if to go away. (Move Samuel a little way from the group.) Then he stops. And then he comes back. (Move Samuel back to Jesse.) And then he asks Jesse if he has any other son. And Jesse says that he has one more boy, younger than these, but that he is keeping the sheep. Samuel tells Jesse to send for that boy. So Jesse sends one of his boys to get David. (Move one of the dolls out to 10, David, who is keeping sheep, 11), and with David back to where Samuel is with the others.) David is but a boy. But he is a fine, clean looking boy. And as soon as Samuel looks at David, he seems to hear the voice of God saying: "This is the one who is to be king after a while in place of Saul." Samuel finds it hard to believe that a boy like David is to be king. But Samuel has learned to do what God told him was right. So he anoints David to be king. And then he holds his service and makes an offering to God of the lamb he has brought. And then he says good-by, bidding David to go back to his sheep, but to remember that God has chosen him to be a great man and to do great things for all the people. (Move Samuel back to where he was at first, also move neighbor dolls to their houses, and David back to 11.)

Now let us look at this lesson as it stands. Here is Saul (point to Saul and to each character as you name them), who is king, but he is proud and selfish, cross and disagreeable, hard to get along with. Saul is always thinking of himself and God can't use anybody that is always doing that. Back here is David—a fine, clean boy, who is doing just as we learned that Samuel did when he was a boy. What was that? Always trying to do right, keeping cheerful, and working hard, even when he found it hard to do. And David, just a boy keeping sheep, has been chosen by God to be king instead of Saul. And that later takes place. And here is Samuel still trying to work with Saul, but knowing that Saul isn't going to be king very long because God has chosen David to take his place.

You see God thinks more about a person being kind and loving and unselfish, than He does about whether he lives in a palace or whether he is just keeping sheep. And God can use a boy or girl who is always trying to do right and keep cheerful and to help other folks better than he can a king who is proud. So, if we want to make the most of our lives we will keep ourselves so that God can work with us, for we can't get along without God. What must we do, then? Do right. Do it quickly. Keep cheerful and smiling. And work hard at what we are told to do. Yes, then we will help make life easy for papa and mamma and we will always please God.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Tin-Type Man

I VISITED a Great City, even Washington. And I walked down the Front Steps of the Capitol, and I kept in the Middle of the Steps. And just outside the Gate, behold, two men with Tin-Type Cameras. And they cast one look at me, and went on talking to each other.

And as I walked along Pennsylvania Avenue, I said unto myself, Those fellows are swift and accurate Classifiers. They thrive on the men who come from the Back Counties, inviting them to have their Pictures taken with the Dome of the Capitol behind them, and they guarantee to finish the Picture and deliver it in a Mat and Frame in Ten Minutes, so they can take it home and exhibit it the whole length of Main Street. But when they looked at me, they knew I was not in that Class.

And I told it unto Keturah, saying, Behold, they knew when they saw me that I was no Rube. They beheld no hay in mine hair, neither was there milk on the toes of my sandals. They did not know that I was not a Senator or a Justice of the Supreme Court.

And Keturah said, I have visited the Senate and divers times, and once I looked in on the Supreme Court; and if thou hast any comfort in looking like a Senator, or a Justice of the Court, that is an inexpensive gratification, of which no one should seek to deprive thee.

And I said, O Keturah, I have told thee but the half. Behold, I went also to the White House, and there were the Newspaper Men with their Cameras, yea, and men from the Movies; and when I came away, they also looked on me and gave me no more attention than the Priest and the Levite gave unto the man by the Jericho road.

And Keturah said, Happy shouldest thou be. For if thou art no Yokel, neither art thou a Movie Star nor Representative of a Foreign Power endeavouring to insure the Peace of the World, but just a Respectable Elderly Citizen, who hath good right to walk down Pennsylvania Avenue in Either Direction, and attract no attention, save it be from a Taxi Driver.

And I was glad that I attracted no attention either from the Tin-Type men or the Movie Men, but was permitted to go about mine Own Business.

For whatever the advantages of life at either end of the Social Procession, there are marked advantages in being a citizen who can pass down Main Street or

Pennsylvania Avenue and attract the attention neither of the Camera Men nor of the Detectives.

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

James W. Vallentyne

FEBRUARY 26—ELISHA'S HEAVENLY DEFENDERS

Seeing Things

Who saw "the horses and chariots of fire" that filled the mountain? Was this man stating facts or was he making a picture to illustrate the facts? Are horses and chariots of fire a part of the equipment of the invisible kingdom? Does God resort to that kind of force and the kind of battle suggested thereby? What did the British troops see in the battle lines of France and Belgium in the days of their great stress? Do some of our faculties work strange devices upon us when our anxiety becomes extreme?

One must always draw lines of separation in his thinking. He must keep facts and theories well classified. He must distinguish one from the other and keep each in its place and each for its own purposes. One must keep history and fiction so distinct that he will know on short notice to which compartment given statements belong.

Facts and theories we must have, as also we must have history and fiction. Each has its value, and we shall prize each for its service to us. Good mental housekeeping, however, will require us to distinguish one from the other and to use each for its proper contribution to life.

Elisha was not deceived. He was sure that he was master of the situation and he proved to be. Now our anxiety is to know by what means he knew and by what means he won. Are the means that qualified Elisha on these occasion available to all righteous men? Can the righteous man suffer defeat, and if so, what is the explanation of his defeat?

Triumphing Power

What is power; where does it come from and how does one connect up with it?

Power operates in the mind and sensibilities and will of the man. In other words, it flows in one's personality and in still other words it is spiritual. These three statements cover identically the same field.

The ancients said: As a man thinketh in his heart so is he. Jesus said: If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; nothing shall be impossible to you. To the woman healed as she touched his garment he said: Thy faith hath made thee whole. These are efforts at stating great truth. That truth is that there are unbelieved possibilities in a man when his personality is properly adjusted to something outside himself.

The facts as experience seems to have found them are: First: All power heads up in one great center. It emanates from one Supreme Battery. This figure is used with untainted reverence and with conviction that there is much fitness in it. Second: Power is a unity. This is an exceedingly important fact not yet comprehended. When our teachers get this truth we shall have less confusion and blinding dust in our teachings. Third: The resources of the individual man are measured by the degree of his harmony with the Power Center.

This state of harmony is not achieved by purchase or by barter or by petition or by the breaking of one's will or by the surrender of his individuality. The will to be right is the way that leads to harmony—abstractly and concretely right. There must be harmony of purpose with the Spirit of Life.

The power of Elisha was in his unity with the Great Unseen and in his consciousness of that unity. If there were any horses and chariots in his triumph there is no record of their activity. If Jesus had been there we should look for his declaration to the effect that Elisha's faith had saved him.

There is more power available to us than we are conscious of and of course more than we are using. The Good Father does not measure out overcoming power to His pets nor does He administer it only when His cause has its "back against the wall." Every man who joins himself unto the power system will be charged through with the powers of victory.

The Old Bible and the New

The old Bible came to the great majority of us in this generation as an accurate historical record of events, words and revelations. Our more advanced and capable teachers have brought us great treasures of new information concerning the simple writers and their intent. They have taken away the unintelligible "revelation" and given us a book of records rich in local color and in period lore. They have taken out the dates and verses and chapters that were inserted in "the times of man's ignorance" and given us normal literature.

We can now read intelligently. When these writings were regarded as spiritual messages not to be understood save in parts and upon occasions of special illumination the literary form was of little consequence. Now that we want to know who the author was, what he meant to say and what he was saying it about, we need an ordering of these fragments of speech so that the average person can get the content.

The wonder stories we have been working upon should not be read at any time in any company without full illumination. The Liberal Churches have been culpably slack in their attitude toward the Bible literature. The use of inaccurate and doctored translations in the smug assurance that "everybody knows" what the correct statement is can not be looked upon with gracious toleration.

Liberalism and intelligence are joined together in God and no man should seem to put them asunder. The Liberal who is thinking and speaking of an anthropomorphic God, who is assuming the accuracy and authority of the scripture conceptions, and who is accepting scripture reports as reliable, is so far behind the university students in our churches as to entirely misrepresent that spirit of understanding which is our glory.

These lessons must be treated as the product of a period of limited information, a period of extravagant statement, a period of great desire and effort to "put over" the propaganda of the God of Israel. The stories are delightful, the imagery is rich and the moral tonic is powerful. This does not reduce our obligation to present them in their true form and character, but makes our responsibility the greater to be fair both to the book and to the student we are teaching.

There are now available some excellent "modern Bibles" and some illuminating popular text books that make the Old Testament a delight.

* * *

WESTBROOK SEMINARY

Westbrook Seminary of Portland, Maine, the oldest coeducational preparatory school in the world, is to put on a drive in May for a quarter of a million dollars.

This school was founded by the Universalists of Maine ninety-one years ago, and although it has a splendid property, fine buildings, and large grounds, it finds itself handicapped by lack of funds, and to continue its splendid work and to be permanently established, it must be properly endowed.

Dr. O. K. Hollister is the president, and has been appointed by the Executive Committee as treasurer of the fund. The Rev. H. E. Townsend of Westbrook is a member of the committee and is taking a big part in the preparatory work. Dr. Whitman, a former president of the institution, is also a member of the Committee and is giving practically all his time to the work. The preparations are well under way, and the names and addresses of the alumni and former students are being collected to facilitate organization work later on.

The drive starts in May and lasts for ten days, and it is confidently expected by the members of the Executive Committee, the Trustees, and Dr. C. H. Murch, director of the campaign, that the full sum will be subscribed by the first day of June.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

HE THAT DOETH THE WILL

And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone
To the centuries that shall be;
Poor, sad humanity,
Through all the dust and heat,
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
"Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will."

The clashing of creeds and the strife
Of the many beliefs that in vain
Perplex man's heart and brain,
Are naught but the rustle of leaves,
When the breath of God upheaves
The boughs of the tree of life,
And they subside again;
And I remember still
The words, and from whom they came,
"Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will."

Longfellow.

AN UNUSUAL SHIP OF THE BERMUDAS

A FINE old ship of its kind it was in the beginning. It had weathered the storms of more than half a century before it went down one night in a terrible hurricane that swept the Bermudas. However, the good ship was stranded on a coral reef, and although her cargo, her rigging, and everything of value belonging to the old ship was lost, yet the owners, who for special reasons loved every timber of the old craft, refused to cast her adrift on the broad Atlantic.

It seems that the crew deserted the ship; they flew for safety when the storm broke and her timbers creaked in the gale, although, since he was never heard from, it is likely that the captain went down with his ship in that hurricane of long ago.

The ship's name was the Avocado, and her owners towed her into port on the Paget side of Hamilton Harbor in the Bermudas, and there she remained, rocking in the breezes. For a time it seemed as if the ship's heart was broken, as if she would never sail the seas again. More than once her owners almost decided that the only thing to do was to use her timbers for firewood; but, curiously enough, the old ship seemed to be a living thing, and although for many months she was but a gray, grim skeleton of herself, no workman's axe was lifted against her; although she was a wreck, there was something about her that refused to die.

Then one day along came a brave young sea-captain who looked the Avocado over from stem t stern and offered to take her out to sea. He was a Bermudian, and the owners of the ship were his father and his mother. He could swim, and dive, and he loved the ocean truly. That old ship suddenly looked good to him.

The owners told the young captain that if he dared risk his life on so unseaworthy a craft, he could fit her out, provide her with a crew, choose his cargo, and set sail any day he chose, only he must remember that she had been shipwrecked once and might go to the bottom of the sea if ever another terrible hurricane swept the Bermudas.

The captain only laughed, and that very day he set about getting the ship ready for sea. When at last shipbuilders in the neighborhood had done their best to repair her, when she was fitted with new machinery and guns in case of a meeting with pirates, the best decorators in the world, who were then in Bermuda, made the ship lovely with hangings and draperies of creamy-yellow and exactly the right shade of green.

The captain had no trouble at all in getting the finest kind of a crew for his ship, and one happy day, with her name newly painted, with flags waving, and with merry voices calling on her decks, the Avocado sailed away over the blue seas with a cargo of pears in her hold. The owners of the ship were at the wharf to see her when she sailed away from port, and they had no fear that any harm would befall the brave captain nor any on board the Avocado—at least, no harm worse than broken arms or legs. It did seem as if the crew were rather reckless when they went aloft and climbed over the rigging.

That was the beginning of the happiest, most carefree time the young captain of that ship ever knew. During the years that followed, the Avocado sailed the seven seas. She carried all sorts of cargoes in her hold at different times, but usually she sailed away to foreign ports laden with pears. Often she was an excursion steamer, and more than once she sailed around the world, touching at all ports mentioned in the geography lesson.

Then one day the captain gave up his ship. He brought her home to Bermuda and told the owners that he had decided to go to Philadelphia in the United States and learn to be a great shipbuilder. That is how it came about that the young sea-captain never put to sea again in command of the Avocado. His crew vanished; their days as sailors were also ended. The fair ladies and their children who used to sail on the Avocado never stepped on her decks again.

The captain went to Philadelphia. Years and years and years passed before he returned to his old home in Bermuda. He seemed to have forgotten his ship until his mother said:

"And do you remember about when you were a little boy, what beautiful times you children used to have playing in the old avocado pear tree that blew over in the garden in the great hurricane?"

A smile lighted the one-time captain's face. He remembered, and went out with his mother to see the old tree that had been blown over in the gale but had lived on and had spread out in a way to form the up-

lifted outlines of a ship, while new branches grew upright like straight masts.

"The old ship used to be alive with children every afternoon when school was out," the captain's mother said, "and there is the old wheel you put in, and bits of iron everywhere in the tree to this day."

The captain, who had become a big, tall man, and who had come home from Philadelphia to visit his father and mother in Bermuda, didn't climb on board his ship that time; but he did put his hand lovingly on the bow, as he said with a smile—

"She was a good old ship!"

You may see that old ship for yourself to this day if ever you cross Hamilton Harbor to Paget in the Bermudas, and call upon the captain's mother. And every year the big old fallen tree is gay with creamy-yellow blossoms and green leaves at one season of the year, and laden with avocado pears in later months; and always bluebirds and redbirds are singing in its branches as in days gone by, before the young captain took command and sailed the seven seas.—*Frances Margaret Fox, in Congregationalist.*

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MY GREETING TO THE NEW YEAR

Lorette E. Kimberly

Awake my soul, it is time to rise,
And with the sun in the glowing skies,
Let grateful thoughts my bosom thrill,
As I strive to do my Father's will.

As nature's glories around me shine
Such peace and joy is truly mine
As thoughtful care of faithful friends
To all life's trials ever lends;
And helps a trusting hope unfold,
Of a blissful future to behold.

* * *

THE PROFESSIONAL UNDERSTANDER

Understanding women has long been the greatest masculine sport. But not until these latter days has interpreting her become a business. Twentieth century woman is complex and has so many activities that doing her justice has developed for men a quaint and lucrative occupation—the Professional Understander.

The P. U. is as different from the ordinary amateur man who merely thinks he knows all about women as the waxed mustached Paris dressmaker is from the husband whose thumbs button up his wife's waist. The P. U. is an efficiency expert on the subject of women. There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed—to him. He knows what any woman will do under any set of circumstances, what she will think on any given subject and exactly how she will solve her personal problems. He Chautauquas over the country annually, making his fall appearance as regularly as winter straw hats and summer furs appear in the shop windows. He has not only a Northern, Eastern, Southern and Western Circuit, but he finds places on all kinds of programs and kindly obliges at church forums, school centers, civic meetings and conventions of various societies. Whenever and wherever he can get an ear to listen and a hand to offer his fee, he is ready and eager to speak.

The P. U. usually chooses controversial subjects: Has the Modern Woman Failed? Is the Higher Education Responsible? Can the New Woman Love? Dare We Teach Our Girls to Fly? and a whole series ranging around the eternal problem of the home, have the new activities of women destroyed it or are the telephone and electricity to blame? At this very moment, all over the country little groups of earnest listeners are gathered to hear some P. U.'s views on the subject of women. Consider the services of Dr. E. Percival Peters, one of the most widely heard interpreters of the woman movement. He travels every season from one coast to the other, making one-night stands in various small towns. At odd intervals he dashes off little articles for the Woman's Page of the *Evening Star*, giving advice to the love lorn, urging patience to the jilted and admonition to young girls not to leave the old home until Father passes on.

The modern woman, you might say, has supported Dr. Peters for many years, and she keeps him in a style he was not used to when he taught wriggling youngsters in a graded school. He sprang into fame following a debate with an anti-suffragist who would not concede anything to women, except the kitchen stove. Dr. Peters was eloquent and he was generous. He gave us the freedom of the universe. He told us to make ourselves as much at home in the world as if we really lived here. Like an older brother, in swimming, he called out, "Come on in. The water's fine!"

After the debate he published his great work, How It Feels to be a Woman. In the preface he stated that while he was only a man, he was qualified to speak as a woman because he had a grandmother, a mother, a wife, an aunt, a niece and a daughter. The book was a graphic presentation of our innermost thoughts and feelings. Dr. Peters told what it was like to be a little girl, how it feels to be wooed and won, what emotions surge through our breasts when we feel our first-born in our arms, and then that pathetic period when our charms fade and we are relegated to the chimney corner. That is, and this is Dr. Peters's great point, we shall be relegated to chimney corners unless we catch up with the century and refuse to grow old.

. . . . . .

Throughout all his work for the modern woman, Dr. Peters has made one persistent demand, which is that she be should true to type, if to nobody else. He has labored hard and patiently to formulate a complete tabulation; cave women, Athenian matrons, medieval ladies, patriarchial housewives, Victorians, feminists. His eyes are even turning speculatively toward the next great classification. Whatever happens, women must be serial indexed and card catalogued. That he has overlooked the main point of his subject—the whole woman movement having been an endeavor to escape just such attentions as his—is immaterial. Understanding women pays well.—*Florence Guy Woolston, in New Republic.*

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REFEERED TO THE SPELLING REFORM LEAGUE

During the war, says the *Worcester Telegram*, the great tenor Caruso wished to improve his singing of an anthem in English—a language that he did not speak or sing clearly. So he got a friend to read the words to him and set them down phonetically. This is what he wrote:

O sieken iu sii bai dhi dons erli lait
huat so praudli ui heild
at dhi tuailaits last glimmin
husis brod straips and
brait stars dhru dhi perilos fait—Or dhi remparts ui
uact uere so gallontli strimmin
and dhi rokets red gler dhi
bombs burstin in er
ghev pruf dhru dhi nait
dhat aur fleg uos stil
dher—O se doss dhet star spenglid banner
iet ueu furdhi lend of dhi fri and dhi
hom of dhi breuf.

* * *

A DEAR FRIEND

We were taking the fresh-air children back to the city. At the last minute we missed small Annie. We made a hurried search znd found her at last on the floor beside her bed, with her face buried in the pillow.

"What's the matter, Annie?" we asked. "What are you crying for?"

"I ain't crying," was the indignant reply. "I was just kissing my bed good-by, 'cause I don't know when I'll ever see another."—*Youth's Companion.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St,, Boston, Mass.

RUTS

Has your Mission Circle fallen into one?

A rut is first cousin to a bad habit. A good habit facilitates progress but a rut impedes it. A rut is a precedent which has outlived its usefulness. It is a danger to those who are in it and becomes at once a stumbling block to others.

Our debt to the past is incalculable. The example, the sacrifice, the faith, the prayer, of those who preceded us on this road, we can repay only by a determination to rid ourselves and our methods of hindrances at any cost of personal vanity.

The past should be a stimulus, not a fetich. A missionary society, like a family, should cherish its traditions; but to substitute tradition of *what has been* for adaptability to the enlarged necessities and varied opportunities of to-day is utter folly.

We long for the presence and co-operation of young women. We must have it if our work is to increase; but if we continue blindly to employ the methods of twenty-five years ago, if our societies in their conduct and effect fall far below the average board or club meeting of the day, little wonder that young women and many of our contemporaries fall out or stay out and use in other ways that energy and ability which we crave for our church.

Then there is the Mournful Rut, damp and dreary. Our work is serious, not sad. A meeting can be cheerful without flippancy.

The brightness of Christian faith should lighten the gloom of stern facts and send us home strong in hope and purpose. The minor elements that help produce this effect are such matters as ventilation, sunshine, the fragrance of a few flowers, a cheery welcome, a prompt beginning and ending, a leader whose dignity has nothing doleful in it. Who has not attended missionary meetings comparable only to funerals? "Don't put your umbrell' up till it rains," said Mrs. Wiggs. Bring your sunshine with you as surely as your offering.

Then there is the Chronic Date Rut. Many a Circle has met at the same hour and date from time immemorial, an hour and day become most inconvenient. The reviving effect of a change has often been surprising.

The habit of economy, that blessed habit which keeps our treasuries going, can become a Rut of Stinginess most deplorable. Too often this is parsimonious in the matter of postals, postage, printed reports, contingent funds or delegate's expenses and deprecates up-to-date methods of gaining and giving information.

But what of members? Are they immune?

How easily the habit of repression degenerates into the Rut of Dumbness. A woman who can call her children two blocks away, or attain the dominant tone in conversation, can not say *aye* or *no* above a whisper or read aloud in meeting. Her reaction at the close thereof is interesting.

In contrast to her is the woman of elastic vocabulary whose habit of expressing her opinion has become a Rut of Lengthiness.

Lost in the Back Seat Rut are the women who rustle in late and hurry out early, who come for the program and skip the devotional service and the offering.

Is our road full of ruts? Are we growing fixed and petrified in our methods, a bit intolerant of new ideas, new ways or even new women? Welcome any and every influence so that we may be "restorers of paths to dwell in," of ways to work in. Live close to him who is the Way and the indwelling of his Spirit will enlighten and strengthen us.

Adapted from a leaflet on "Ruts" by J. W. R. published by the W. F. M. S. of the Presbyterian Church.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

PRAYER

Dear Lord and Heavenly Father, lead us by the light of Thy truth, to know Thee more intimately and to feel Thee more near. Give us the grace of heavenly virtue, that we may be ever kept in Thy Holy presence. May our whole life be so conducted in its every affair, that in the end Thy name may thereby be glorified. In the name of our Master and Redeemer. Amen.

(Rev. Samuel C. Mock.)

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MY TRIP TO MAINE

December is a fine month to visit the good old state of Maine. All that you expect—the snow storms, the sleigh rides, the cordial welcomes —all become realities. There was nothing disappointing about the visits to Livermore Falls, Brunswick, Augusta and Dexter. None of the above mentioned events were lacking. The writer had an opportunity to renew many old acquaintances and to add many names to her list of newly-made friends.

A variety was in order. An innovation was planned by the State Superintendent, Rev. Milo G. Folsom. In each of the places visited, an all day session was held, beginning at ten o'clock in the morning and holding over until folks were ready to go home at night. First came the church school address and conference, followed by a lunch served by the ladies of the parish. In the afternoon, the Missionary and Young People's Departments were represented. A banquet and evening session for the "Comrades" finished a full day devoted to the betterment of each section of the work.

Churches at Bath, Gardiner, Waterville, Dover and Foxcroft were represented.

Are the workers in the other parts of the country asking the question which so often found expression in the conferences, "How can we interest the *parents* in the work which we are trying to do with their children and their youth?" As a result of the question, the hope springs up that new Church School Parent-Teacher Associations may be formed and new enthusiasm be gained to hold Mothers' Meetings where the parents and workers, together, may hear what is being brought to them as essential to the spiritual development of the children.

One of the pleasing results of such conferences as are being conducted, is evident from a letter which reached the office soon after my return. The letter contained this question: "What would one have to do, in way of preparation, to do similar work to yours?" Truly we are discovering leaders! Can anything be more gratifying than the thought that we are constantly adding consecrated workers to His service.

S. J. M.

* *

"SUNNY SIDE" WANTED

We have had a request for fifty copies of the "Sunny Side," a Sunday school song book by Rev. C. W. Wendte and H. S. Perkins. Ten copies have been secured and we are looking for the other forty. Who has the volumes (in usable condition) and would like to contribute them to a struggling school?

* *

FORWARD AT MURRAY GROVE

Take notice, everybody, that we are to have a big year at Murray Grove, with just the right proportions of rest, study and frolic. It will be good news that a recreational director has been secured, who will see that the fun side of life is not neglected by old or young. Plans are under way for the Sunday School Institute, which will be worth a big effort to attend.

* *

MRS. FRIEND'S CLASS

"The work is getting more interesting every time and those who do not attend are certainly missing it." So writes an enthusiastic member of the Teacher Training Class conducted by Mrs. Victor Friend under the auspices of the Boston Sabbath School Union. The meetings are held on Tuesday evenings at the Universalist Headquarters.

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

A Magnificent Farce. By A. Edward Newton. Frontispiece, $4.00.

When we read "The Amenities of Book Collecting" we did not realize that it was "to be continued," but this is another installment of those delightful essays suggesting a booklined room, a glowing fire, a small company of booklovers, and much good talk.

There are a round dozen papers, about Luck, in which the author firmly believes, Meditations on a Quarto Hamlet, "20," his experiences in a London hospital, A Sane View of William Blake, from a new viewpoint, What Is the Matter with the Bookshop?—alas! Dr. Newton thinks it largely lack of brains—A Slogan for Booksellers, Samuel Johnson, My Old Lady London, Living Twenty-five Hours a Day, and so on. You will like them all.

Vigils. By Aline Kilmer. $1.25.

Here is the same unaffected beauty that shone in "Candles That Burn" and met such an instant and enthusiastic response. An appealing bit is "Tribute"—

Deborah and Christopher brought me dandelions,
Kenton brought me buttercups with summer on their breath,
But Michael brought an autumn leaf, like lacy filigree,
A wan leaf, a ghost leaf, beautiful as death.

Death in all loveliness, fragile and exquisite,
Who but he would choose it from all the blossoming land?
Who but he would find it where it hid among the flowers?
Death in all loveliness, he laid it in my hand.

To Him That Hath. By Ralph Connor. $1.75.

This is a story of the Canadian Northwest; of returned soldiers and one who never went—flat feet, he calls it, but it strongly resembles cold feet; of workers, both those who sign checks and those who have a pay envelope; of a strike and its final settlement in equity and peace; of a group of happy young people and more than one love story.

Westward Hoboes. By Winifred Hawkridge Dixon. Illustrated. $4.00.

Those adventurous spirits, the author and Toby, whose real name is Katherine, an artist with a scientist father and a poet grandmother, shipped "the old lady," as they called their car, to Galveston by freight steamer, and from there motored through the Rio Grande country and the Rockies, and home by way of the Northern states.

All sorts of experiences fell to their lot,—they unexpectedly went to sea more than once, and the old lady, not being built for sea service, came to look worth "a pair of broken scissors and a 1908 alarm clock;" their outfit was searched for "booze;" they were fined for speeding in Houston; they discovered a wonderful mechanic named Bill, who prided himself on doing a good job and charging only what it was worth—may his tribe increase!—and each Californian they met wrestled with them as Jacob with the angel, trying to turn their misguided heads toward the Golden Gate!

And through all this delightfully different book of travel runs, like the refrain in an old ballad, the remark made by everybody on seeing their registration plate—

"You're a long way from home!"

The Hidden Places. By Bertrand W. Sinclair. $1.90.

Bob Hollister, at the close of the war, is officially dead, his wife has married again, and disappeared with his money, and he is practically penniless, and feels that "the devastation of his features made a No Man's Land about him which few had the courage to cross."

He turns instinctively to Vancouver, for when he was eighteen he had spent a year on the Pacific Coast in rude camps, his father being interested in timber operations. There he meets Doris Cleveland, who has gone blind after an operation and therefore can not see his face, and they come to love each other, are married, and go to live in the Toba Valley, on a tract of cedar which Bob owns.

" 'How lucky we are, Bob,' Doris says. 'We might so easily be wandering about alone in a world that is terribly harsh to the unfortunate. Instead—we're here together, and life means something worth while to us.' "

Letters and Journals of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, 1846-1906. Edited by Mary Thacher Higginson. Frontispiece. $4.00.

Delightful letters, full of imagination and humor, intimate knowledge and keen criticism of famous contemporaries. They are divided into seven groups: Cambridge and Newburyport; Worcester Period; Journeys; Army Life and Camp Drill; Newport; Foreign Travels; and Cambridge in Later Life, and make an interesting study of sixty years.

Order of Universalist Comrades

LOCAL CHAPTERS

The following is a list of the local chapters reported to me as they appear on my records. If you have a chapter that does not appear in this list, will you please forward to my office the following information:

1. The name of your church
2. The name of your chapter.
3. The date of organization.
4. The list of your members.
5. The officers and directors of your chapter.
6. The date of meeting.

Fred C. Carr, National Secretary,
559 Cranston Street,
Providence, R. I.

Local Chapters Already Organized

1. New Bedford, Mass.
2. Atlanta, Ga.
3. Philadelphia, Pa.
4. Kingfield, Me.
5. New Haven, Conn.
6. Lewiston, Me.
7. Brunswick, Me.
8. Biddeford, Me.
9. Bath, Me.
10. Auburn, N. Y.
11. Galesburg, Ill.
12. Augusta, Me.
13. Bethel, Me.
14. Portland, Me.
15. Waterville, Me.
16. Nashua, N. H.
17. Binghamton, N. Y.
18. Lowell, Mass.
19. Old Town, Me.
20. Dexter, Me.
21. Portland, Me.
22. South Portland, Me.
23. Columbus, Ohio.
24. Woodsville, N. H.
25. Chattanooga, Tenn.
26. Cambridge, Mass.
27. Fort Plain, N. Y.
28. Berlin, N. H.
29. North Cambridge, Mass.
30. Roxbury, Mass.
31. Philadelphia, Pa.
32. Pittsfield, Me.
33. Joliet, Ill.
34. Waterloo, Iowa.
35. Melrose, Mass.
36. Indianapolis, Ind.
37. Plain City, Ohio.
38. Elgin, Ill.
39. North Adams, Mass.
40. Rockland, Me.
41. Westbrook, Me.
42. LeRoy, Ill.

* *

At the meeting of the Executive Board held in New York on Jan. 15, the following was adopted: "On and after Jan. 15, rosettes will be furnished at 25 cents each."

Just as soon as possible all rosettes due before Jan. 15 will be sent to each member *gratis*.

Among Our Churches

Connecticut Letter

It will not be long before the Lenten season is here again. Without doubt all of our churches will take advantage of the opportunity to emphasize church membership which the Lenten season affords. Our Crusade has by no means ended. We must win as many as we can for Christ and his Church. A church of another name in this state recently received 280 members at one time. This splendid achievement was in large part made possible by the personal work of earnest men and women in the parish. We may not do as well, but we can at lsaet make the attempt. We urge our laymen to co-operate to the fullest extent with their pastors for a large ingathering at Easter time. . . The next convention in our state will be the Y. P. C. U. Convention, which will probably come early in April. Details will be announced later. . . The Executive Board of the State Convention voted to give each parish in the state the privilege of sending four representatives at the expense of the Convention to some summer Sunday school institute for one week, providing the expenses for the week do not exceed $35 a person. This is a missionary enterprise of high order. * * The Bridgeport and New Haven parishes had the good fortune to have Arthur Nash speak to their congregations on Jan. 22. * * **Hartford.**—This parish will celebrate its 100th anniversary in the spring. * * **New Haven.**—The Comrades have been conducting a series of "Pleasant Sunday Evening" services here. The illustrated lectures have proved an attractive feature. * * **Meriden.**—This church has lost through death a number of its long-time and loyal members—George F. Lewis, Mrs. Nellie J. Molloy, Mrs. Martha Joy, and Mrs. J. H. W. Thomas. It is fitting that their passing be noted with a grateful spirit of appreciation and respect. * * **Stamford** mourns the death of Charles Waterbury. His many years of loyal association with the work of our church are gratefully recalled. The sympathy of the wider church circle are with the family. * * Parish statistics required for the General Convention Year Book should be promptly sent in to Headquarters. * * Connecticut voted to adopt as its Japan quota the sum of $1000, repeating the action taken a year ago. Each parish must raise as large amount as possible to fulfill this pledge.

Theodore A. Fischer.

New York City Letter

Divine Paternity.—, Miss Helene Ullrich, upon completing a course of study at the Canton Theological School, commences her work as assistant pastor of the Cathedral Church. Miss Ullrich will be ordained March 3, Drs. Newton, Atwood and Walker having leading parts in the service. Miss Ullrich will have charge of the Junior Church, aid in the development of the Y. P. C. U., institute a canvass for recruits and help in the work at the Mission. At the Layman's Sunday service the address was delivered by Mr. C. Neal Barney. The Fresh Air Fund party Jan. 24 was a great success. Net financial result $300. Young People's Day was observed with special music and a sermon by Dr. Newton on "Crabbed Age and Joyous Youth." Friday evening, Feb. 10, Dr. Newton gave his lecture on Abraham Lincoln, first delivered in the City Temple, London, to an audience that filled the church. * * **Metropolitan Y. P. C. U.**—More than a hundred young people gathered at the Cafe Boulevard, Feb. 3, for the annual dinner. Rev. Stanley Manning spoke with persuasive authority, and Rev. Helene Ullrich, the new minister in our midst, added her part to the inspiration of the hour. The responses from the different Unions were cheery and cheering. * * **Chapin Home.**—The preachers for February are Rev. W. H. Sobey and Rev. Andrew Magill, D. D. On Feb. 7 there was an illustrated lecture on "Alaska and the Yukon," and on Feb. 17, Dr. Bartlett is to deliver one of his attractive travel lectures. * * **The Universalist Club** has revived with enthusiasm and power. President Hill and his fellow officers deserve large credit. At the dinner in January a welcome was tendered Rev. B. B. Gibbs, President Galer of the General Convention spoke with his usual charm and eloquence, and Mr. Arthur Nash, in an intimate way, speaking to the friends in the faith, portrayed the Golden Rule at work in the great factory at Cincinnati. * * **The Metropolitan Alliance** held its February meeting in the Church of Our Father. Mrs. Ada F. Shorey introduced Mr. H. E. Edmonds, director of the Intercollegiate Cosmopolitan Club, who gave a talk on his work. Miss Mildred Seitz was the soloist. The Alliance has now the largest membership in its history. * * **Middletown, N. Y.,** is a child of New York City Universalist endeavor. The parish for years has been independent and dynamic. Good things have come in recent months. Mrs. G. N. Clemson gives a new organ in memory of her mother Mr. W. E. Cross presents a window in memory of his daughter, and Dr. A. J. Hatfield has given a grand piano. The church is to be remodeled and redecorated A newspaper man judged the minister in these words: "Mr. Saunders is the manliest and most popular pastor in town.' * * **Good Tidings.**—On Jan. 31 a Recognition Service was held to officially welcome Brother Gibbs. Dr. Newton came across the East River with a message of faith hope and love; Dr. Potterton voiced the fellowship spirit of the Metropolis and gently advised the people of Good Tidings. Rev. C. F. McKoy, Baptist, Rev. Robert H. Carson, Presbyterian, and Rev. A. H. Heaps, Congregationalist, spoke the strong, sincere word of fraternalism and unity. The vestry was crowded Jan. 2 at the parish entertainment. This church is justly noted for the success of its social affairs. * * **All Souls.**—A neat booklet "The Story of a Cheerful Church," has been printed as an advertising medium All Souls Men's Club is one of the big organizations of the church, and it lived up to its bigness at the annual dinner, Feb. 9. The announcement was made that President Buhsen had secured as after dinner speakers, Dr. C. Wallace Petty of the Mt. Morris Baptist Church, Mr. Edward V. Barry, fourth vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and Dr. George Caleb Moor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church. A recent canvass added over $1000 to the pledged income of the church. Dr. Bartlett will issue March 1 the full program for the Lenten season. Miss Free man has organized a Junior Y. P. C. U. of twenty-seven members—a Union that conducts all of its meetings. The Sunday school now numbers 200, without the Cradle Roll. * * **Our Father.**—On Sunday evening, Jan. 29, the Church of Good Tidings united with Our Father to greet and hear Mr. Arthur Nash on "The Golden Rule in Business." It was a wonderfully impressive address, brave, and sincere and prophetic. Mr. Nash is the most winning and effective missionary that our Church has enjoyed in recent years. The Men's Club held their annual Lincoln dinner Feb. 15. This Club, having only sixty members, under the leadership of President John G. Murray, is doing quietly a blessed work for church and community. Mr. Ralph W. E. Hunt, president of the Comrades, an unordained minister of the Church, preached a strong and helpful sermon at the morning service, Jan. 15.

Thomas Edward Potterton.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

March 24. Massachusetts' Men's Banquet under auspices of the State Chapter of Universalist Comrades, at Boston City Club.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	50
Kinston, N. C.	7
Feasterville, S. C.	4
Columbus, Ohio	14
Total	75

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 9. Bridgeport, Conn., 1. Total, 10.

Illinois

Elgin.—Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., pastor. The annual meeting of the Ladies' Society Jan. 5 at the home of Mrs. James Newman was well attended and showed a prosperous year's work. It was voted to give the trustees $100 and to invest $100 in a treasury certificate. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Emma Clark; vice-president, Mrs. Mary Pease; secretary, Mrs. Fred Smailes; treasurer, Mrs. George Foote. On Jan. 19, the officers of the Ladies' Society entertained at the home of the president. Mrs. Dorothy Walker of Toronto, who for six years has been an entertainer for the Canadian soldiers, gave whistling solos and had many interesting facts to tell. Mrs. Louise Newman Coleman told of the work of the Nurses' Council and Free Dispensary and Mrs. Woodbury, the community nurse, told of her work. The Mission Circle gave a tea, when Mrs. Nellie K. Hanaford gave an interesting talk on the life of Mary A. Livermore. The King's Daughters have sponsored a vesper service with Carl Mathiew and Miss Dvork as participants, and also an evening concert by Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Kimball. On Jan. 27, the Clara Barton Class of the church school gave a party for the benefit of the church.

Kansas

Junction City.—Rev. Fred A. Line, pastor. The annual "Kansas Day" Men's Supper, Jan. 25, pronounced the "best ever," was prepared and served by the men of the parish. Four hundred people were served and $100 was netted. Young People's Sunday was observed Jan. 29 in appropriate and impressive manner. The services were in charge of Preble Kibbey; Josephine Powers read the Scripture, and Margaret Gillett delivered the sermon. The musical program included an anthem and soprano and violin duets. Jan. 29 was also "Kansas Day" and the evening hour was given to an appropriate service. The address by Prof. Walter Burr of Kansas Agricultural College was a stirring challenge for progress toward "Freedom and Brotherhood" in industry, politics and church. Congregations were large at both services, and altogether it was a day long to be remembered.

Maine

Brunswick.—Rev. Harry F. Shook, pastor. Two members have been received into the church and a baby has been christened since the last report. The average attendance at Sunday morning services was fifty per cent larger in January than in October or November. The Sunday school has been steadily growing. We have joined with several other churches in providing a Community School of Religious Education, on the faculty of which Mr. Shook will be instructor of psychology. Union meetings of the Protestant churches are held once a month in the town hall.

Massachusetts

Cambridge.—Rev. A. E. Wilson, pastor. The reports read at the annual parish meeting showed good progress. The budget for the coming year included a substantial increase in the pastor's salary. During the past year the church has been painted and a new boiler installed. The December fair netted over $900. The Men's Club took an active part, clearing over $100 at their "Country Store." At the annual roll call supper in January many out-of-town members were present. Mr. Gould brought greetings from the Arlington church and Dr. Huntley, whom we are proud to claim as one of our own members, gave a short but enthusiastic message. Dr. F. O. Hall gave a fine address. We are looking forward to the coming year when we will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the church.

Marlboro.—Rev. Paul Harris Drake, pastor. On Tuesday evening, Jan. 22, Mr. Drake was publicly installed as pastor. Rev. Clarence R. Skinner of Tufts College preached the sermon, and Rev. Charles R. Tenney of Southbridge, Dr. George E. Huntley, Dr. Charles Conklin of Brookline, Dr. V. E. Tomlinson of Worcester, and Rev. Ralph E. Conner of the Unitarian Church assisted in the service. There was music by the organist, Mrs. Ralph H. Whitman, and singing by the choir. The church looks forward to renewed strength under the new pastorate.

North Orange.—Rev. George L. Mason, pastor. A series of Friday evening services are being planned for Lent by the pastor. It is hoped to secure the help of neighboring ministers.

Franklin.—Rev. R. K. Marvin, pastor. The first of February, Mr. Marvin began his eighteenth year as pastor of this church. As it was his birthday also, he received many gifts of money, books and flowers. Interest has been maintained, and all departments of the church are in excellent shape. January congregations averaged 250. A recent Tom Thumb wedding netted $100 for Armenia, which makes our total gifts to this cause nearly $3000. A poem by Mr. Marvin, "The Resurrection of the Ship," appeared in the January number of the *Granite Monthly*, the New Hampshire magazine.

Roxbury.—Rev. S. G. Spear, pastor. On Jan. 4, the church centennial was celebrated with a special service at which Dr. John Smith Lowe was the speaker. Music was furnished by the Macedonian Quartet. Hosea Ballou 2d, afterwards president of Tufts College, was the first pastor of this church, establishing the church one year after the parish was organized and the building erected. A social hour with light refreshments followed the more formal service. The annual meeting showed a splendid financial record for the past year. The budget for 1922 will be larger, as repairs are contemplated. The officers for the new year have plans already laid for a busy season. All quotas were paid in full and a large amount of money has been raised during the year for worthy objects. Interesting vesper services are being held each Sunday.

North Carolina

Kinston.—Rev. Dwight A. Ball, pastor. The pastor was the hero of the day in the big fire we had here recently. Handling the water bucket like a veteran, he kept the rear top story of the Hardy office building from bursting into flames, until the wall of the adjoining building fell in on the building he was in, carrying the roof above him right through into the second story floor. How Mr. Ball escaped with his life is a miracle, as the entire roof over him fell in with a crash, plaster, bricks and timber falling all around him. He suffered slight injuries, but would not allow himself to be treated till others more seriously injured then he had been cared for. Even after his injuries and narrow escape from death, he still wanted to help, but by that time there was only slight danger from the fire.

Vermont

Bellows Falls.—Rev. R. F. Johonnot, D. D., pastor. At the annual parish meeting the treasurer gave a splendid report. All bills have been paid, and, including what has been paid on the organ fund, the parish has raised on its own account $3697, and paid to State and General Conventions and missionary and charitable objects $602. The Union has a membership of sixty. On Jan. 22 the District Rally of the Y. P. C. U. was held here with good attendance. Rev. Stanley Manning conducted the Sunday morning service. Dr. Johonnot has been speaking in many places hereabouts during the last two months upon the work and results of the Washington Conference.

Washington.—Rev. Clarence A. Sim-

mons, pastor. The harmony of spirit between pastor and people, which has been a marked feature of the present pastorate, becomes more pronounced as time goes on. Congregations are increasing and the Sunday school classes are becoming bigger and better. Mr. Simmons has been requested by several to repeat at some future date his sermon of Feb. 5, on "The Efficient Church."

* *

THE SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE

Inasmuch as the Sunday evening service is a problem which practically every church in the country is facing, it may be of interest to note the solution as it is being worked out here.

The Church of the Redeemer is really the last large "downtown" church in Minneapolis, and as such it must solve some difficult problems, among which the Sunday evening service is not the least. When it was found that a program consisting of special music by a choir of artists together with a lecture by Dr. Shutter, on some current topic, would interest no more than fifty or sixty people, we decided that some change was absolutely necessary.

A modern motion picture machine with full equipment was installed about a month ago, and the public was informed that the Church of the Redeemer was inviting *every one* to a series of Sunday evening "at homes," the invitation going particularly to those who had no place in which to spend Sunday evening.

On the Sunday evening previous to the opening of this program there were forty-nine people in the pews.

The thermometer registered fifteen degrees below zero on the evening of our first "at home." There were over 400 people in the pews on this occasion.

On the following Sunday evening we showed "Silas Marner." At least 850 persons attended this service and we turned away not a few.

Last evening (Feb. 5) we showed "The Mill on the Floss" and again the church was packed. And the interesting thing to consider here is that the quality of the audience is far better than we dared hope. It is an inspiration to hear them sing the familiar hymns. Our own people are catching the enthusiasm and there is work for nearly every one now. We try to make the key-note of these services "hospitality," and we have found that those who come really enjoy the word of welcome and the spirit of friendliness which we try to express. The offering, though not as large as might be expected from such large audiences, nearly equals the entire cost of the program, including the advertising, which is the chief item.

Perhaps a word as to the program followed may be of interest to other churches. In the first place, we aim to make this service distinctly a church service. Our regular choir sings two or three anthems, there is a prayer and a familiar hymn in which the congregation is urged to join. The greatest care is exercised to choose just the right sort of films. This is an important detail and one that can not be given too great attention. We always have a word of welcome from the pulpit, and a very brief address relative to the picture—the lesson it tries to being home, etc. The offering is taken between reels and at the close of the picture the Doxology is sung and the benediction pronounced. Ushers are posted near all exits to extend an invitation to future services. A word of welcome and cheer is included in the printed program for the evening.

This program will continue through Easter Sunday. Just what the final results will be it is too early to surmise. One thing is certain however—hundreds of Minneapolis people have received a cordial welcome at the Church of the Redeemer, they have gone away feeling that here is something worth while and interesting, and they have returned for more. Then too, our own people are manifesting renewed interest, we are approaching the mark of efficiency in the operation of a valuable church plant. In consideration of these facts, it would seem that some permanent good must come out of this enterprise.

Ellsworth C. Reamon.

* *

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S SOUTHERN ITINERARY

Leave Boston, Thursday, Feb. 16.
Birmingham, Alabama, Feb. 19.
Brewton, Alabama, Feb. 20.
St. Petersburg and Tarpon Springs, Florida, Feb. 26.
Miami, Florida, March 5.
Atlanta, Georgia, March 7.
Chattanooga, Tenn., March 8.
Durham and Greensboro, North Carolina, March 12.
Washington, D. C., March 19.

* *

MURRAY GROVE MANAGEMENT

The most successful Church Institutions are those where careful and conscientious management prevails. Murray Grove is fortunate in having solved this most difficult problem. The peculiar nature of the institution and its activities made an unusual condition to be covered. The constitution and by-laws adopted at the last annual meeting clearly set forth the strong yet flexible control under which it has made such rapid progress. The sole purpose of the Association is clearly stated and all its restrictive requirements are in tune with that object. A copy of this constitution and by-laws may be had for the asking.

The Universalist denomination is now in a position to appreciate and develop the great opportunities which lie in the possession of this, its most ancient landmark. Five thousand dollars is all that remains to be raised in order to free the property from debt. Let every Universalist share in the great work! Send checks or pledges to Rev. Roger F. Etz., 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., or Walter Gabell, 6600 N. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* *

CORRECTION

Instead of Church of the Mediator, Providence, as stated in the Feb. 4 issue of the *Leader*, the Comrades' Banquet was held in the First Church, corner of Greene and Washington Streets.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS MEN, ATTENTION

The Mass Meeting for men in the Charlestown Universalist Church for Sunday, Feb. 19, at 3.30 p. m., will not be held, owing to the fact that Mr. Arthur Nash has been obliged to cancel for the present all his speaking engagements.

George E. Leighton, Superintendent.

* *

Notices

NEW HAMPSHIRE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. Edgar R. Walker has been received from the Massachusetts Convention by letter of transfer.

G. W. Sias, Secretary.

* *

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Letter of transfer has been granted to Rev. Horatio G. Mann to the Vermont and Quebec Convention.

Lay license to Ralph W. E. Hunt has been renewed for three years.

Letter of dismissal has been issued to S. M. Niveen, who is now in secular business in South Dakota.

* *

VERMONT AND QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

On Feb. 6, James B. Estee of Montpelier was granted license as lay preacher.

George F. Fortier, Secretary.

Offering Envelopes for Easter

Size 2 1-2 x 4 inches. Attractive design printed in colors. Price 40 cents per 100.

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During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

For the Board of Managers.

FRANK A. DEWICK, *President.*

JOSEPH B. HORTON, *Clerk.*

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MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established for Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand dollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited.

The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address,

REV. GEORGE E. LEIGHTON, *Secretary,*
176 *Newbury St.*
Boston, Mass

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What we'd like to see in Congress is a tax-payers' bloc.—*New York Tribune.*

* *

"I've got to go out and look for an apartment."

"I congratulate you, old man. You're going to have a chance to learn something about the geography of our fair city."—*Judge.*

* *

Officer Y. P. R. U., presenting "copy" to editor of the *Register:* "Here are some notes of sermons preached by the young people on Young People's Sunday, January 22."

Editor: "Very well; of course you know what we want first of all is news; remember, as a great editor once said, 'Talkin' pious isn't news.' "

Officer: "Yes, but Unitarian young people 'talkin' pious' is *news.*"—*Christian Register.*

* *

We certainly shall miss Will Hays in the Post-Office Department, if his plain duty and $150,000 a year call him elsewhere, but we must look at these matters in a broad unselfish way and we will admit that the motion-picture industry seems to be in need of a little Presbyterian influence.—*Ohio State Journal.*

* *

Personally we think it is nice for a man to be always cheerful, but it gets on our nerves for a dentist to sing at his work.—*Dallas News.*

* *

When mother entered the nursery she found Muriel in tears, and in response to her inquiry the child explained:

"We were playing at weddings, and Paul threw rice all over me."

"You shouldn't cry for a small thing like that. It's to bring luck to the bride."

"But," protested Muriel, still sniffing, "what he used was in the pudding."—*Disston Crucible.*

* *

In Japan, when the subscriber rings up, the operator may be expected to ask, "What number does the honorable son of the moon and stars desire?" "Hohi, two-three." Silence. Then the exchange resumes. "Will the honorable person graciously forgive the inadequacy of the insignificant service and permit this humble slave of the wire to inform him that the never-to-be-sufficiently-censured line is busy?"—*Far Seas.*

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